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The Countess' Conquest

Or, The Call of the Flesh -:- -:- By Emma Howard Wight

LELIA came into the room and Jack kissed her. Despite the fact that they were engaged to be married, the kiss stirred in them absolutely no emotion. They were both quite young. Jack was 23 and Lelia was 19. He was a tall, splendid-looking fellow, broad-shouldered, athletic in build. His skin, naturally fair, was deeply tanned, his eyes were a deep blue, his nose fine and straight, his mouth clean-cut and thin-lipped. His hair was beautiful, but absurd, for it was yellow and curly like a child's.

The girl had the beauty of youth and perfect health. She had dark hair and eyes and a fine color. She was somewhat below medium height, and her straight, slim figure looked as undeveloped as a boy's. She was dressed for golfing in a middy waist, short skirt and high substantial shoes.

"I am going out to the links, Jack," she said. "Aren't you coming along?"

"I can't," he replied. "My mother wants me to take the Countess St. Maur out driving this afternoon." He laughed boyishly as Lelia's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Who on earth is the Countess St. Maur?" she asked dazedly.

"An old friend and schoolmate of mother's," Jack explained. "She's been living abroad, in Paris, for a number of years, but came to America on account of the war. Mother heard she was in New York and wrote asking her to come to Virginia. She arrived last night."

"The Countess St. Maur! What a deliciously romantic name!" exclaimed Lelia. "What is she like, Jack?"

"Why, she's awfully good-looking. She has a beautiful white and pink skin." He paused, as Lelia gave a little derisive laugh.

"Of course, she's made up," she declared.

"She doesn't look as tho she's made up," objected Jack.

"I suppose not. A woman, who has lived so long in Paris, ought to know

how to get up her face artistically."

"Well, it looks fine, anyway. She has the most wonderful eyes, Lelia. They are green, and sleepy-looking."

Lelia giggled. "Why, she must have eyes like a cat."

"They are"—he paused, as tho trying to find a word—"different from any I have ever seen. Her lashes and brows are very black. And her hair——"

"Peroxide of Hydrogen," said Jack Stared.

"Oh, you mean it's colored or bleached?" Lelia nodded. "Well, I don't know, but it's awfully pretty, a sort of copper color."

"Dyed," declared Lelia.

Jack laughed as he took up his hat.

"When are you coming to call on me?"

"Oh, real soon," replied Lelia, who was curious. A French countess was a new experience to her, for the description had excited her curiosity. A woman with green, black-lashed eyes, copper-colored hair and a beautiful complexion, even if it was not all natural, must be striking. "Why, Jack, she's as old as your mother, she—she!" she gasped.

Jack, on his way to the door, stopped and looked back. It was evident from his half-bewildered look that this had not occurred to him before.

"Why, I suppose she is," he said. "They went to school together. But you'd never think it. Mother's 45, you know. The Countess St. Maur doesn't look a day over 30."

"Jack, you silly boy, do you imagine a Parisian of 45—she may be older, for all you know—would admit that she looks as old as she really is?" derided Lelia.

"Well, I don't blame the woman for that," declared Jack, stoutly.

Lelia, with the arrogance of youth, gave her dark head a toss.

"I don't think I'd care about doing it."

"Wait till the time comes, and then see how you feel about it," he said.

"Your mother's quite lovely, Jack, and she doesn't try to hide her age by painting her face and dyeing her hair."

"Of course not." Jack threw up his head.

He looked very handsome, and Lelia felt a pleasing sense of proprietorship.

"Good-by, boy. Be sure to come tonight," she said, holding up her face for him to kiss her.

She went out on the veranda with him, but she did not offer to accompany him as he went toward the gate. She busied herself getting together her golf clubs, for all it occur to her to watch Jack. They were a very matter-of-fact, not to say prosaic, pair of lovers. The Carlisles and the Fanes were neighbors. Jack and Lelia had known each other all their lives. Jack's father gives any girl but Lelia a second thought. He was not susceptible, and all girls seemed to him entirely alike.

Lelia, the only girl who had ever made matters stir at all in his dull, placid existence, was different. They had so many tastes in common, they were great chums. Lelia loved golf and motoring as much as Jack loved them. She was a splendid horsewoman, a fine shot, an expert at golf and tennis.

Jack came to the conclusion that life would be rather tame and dull without Lelia for a companion. Some day, and one day when they were out hunting he had said to her:

"Lelia, let's get married."

They were sitting on the trunk of a great oak tree, eating the lunch they had brought with them. Lelia looked like a boy in leggins, bloomers and sweater, her hair hidden under a cap. She stood, as she said it, to take a generous bite out of a chicken sandwich, and looked thoughtfully at Jack.

"I never thought of it before, but it would be nice," she declared.

"It would be bully," said Jack.

"All right then," proclaimed Lelia, returning to her sandwich.

Later, when they had eaten up everything in the lunch basket and were preparing to start, Lelia stopped suddenly, on her way to get her horse, turned, looked at Jack, and began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack.

"It's just too good to be true," gasped Lelia. "You asked me to marry you, we're engaged, and you never once thought of kissing me."

Jack flushed and looked sheepish.

"Well, it's not too late, I reckon," he said, going toward her.

But Lelia caught up her rifle and ran away from him, her laughter floating back delightfully thru the woods. Jack grinned, got his own rifle, and followed her. When he came up with Lelia she had been brought down by a fallen branch, and they forgot all about the kiss. But when Jack went over that evening and found Lelia in a white gown, seated demurely on the veranda, he remembered how she had laughed at him for failing to kiss her. So he sat down beside her, put his arm about her shoulders, and took the deferred kiss. In what he considered a severely brotherly way.

Lelia laughed a little self-consciously and pushed him away.

"Don't be silly, Jack," she said.

Jack released her and sat back in his chair with something like a sigh of relief. He was very glad that she did not expect him to be making love to her.

"Well, I have told dad," said Lelia.

"What did he say?" asked Jack.

"He said that he was not quite sure that we knew our own minds, and that in all probability it was just propinquity that put wanting to get married into our heads."

"That's all he knows about it," exclaimed Jack. "Why, I don't think there's another girl like you in the world, Lelia."

"Thank you, Jack," murmured Lelia, demurely.

"And such chums as we are," continued Jack, warmly. "I wouldn't want a wife that we couldn't be chums with. A great many people get married just depending on love and that sort of thing. But the love part doesn't always come up to expectations. Now, if husband and wife are chums, it's all right. They've always got that to fall back on."

Lelia was impressed. She knew that married people did grow tired of each other, and she had noticed that this was often the case with the ones who had appeared most madly in love.

Jack was going at her with affectionate approval. She looked very nice and girlish in her white gown, but she had appealed to Jack quite as much in leggins, bloomers and sweater.

"Dad said he wouldn't think of letting me marry for at least a year."

Lelia imparted this information serenely, and Jack accepted the fat philosophically.

"That's all right," he declared. "We're in no hurry."

"Of course not," Lelia agreed.

Jack and Lelia had been engaged nine months when Adele, Countess St. Maur, came to visit Mrs. Carlisle.

Adele, lying in the hammock on the veranda, watched Jack, as he came up the walk, with a look of lazy admiration.

"What a perfectly splendid young fellow!" she was thinking.

The Countess St. Maur was a tall, slim woman, voluptuously and sensuously graceful. She wore a filmy cream-colored gown, over which floated, gleaming thru coffee-colored lace. She looked smilingly up at Jack.

"Sit down, boy, and talk to me," she said.

Jack sat down. He felt suddenly shy and self-conscious.

"Mother says she was to take you for a drive," he murmured.

"That would be very nice, no doubt," said Adele, with a little, indolent, dreamy smile, "I am deliciously comfortable and——contented. Let us stop here, Jack. May I call you Jack?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Jack, a little confusedly. "My name's John but everybody calls me Jack. The Countess St. Maur, white he wondered if she did not think him a stupid chump.

"Sit down, Jack

way of horseflesh," declared Jack. "She's a great hand at breaking colts."

The Countess St. Maur shrugged.

"Indeed! I did not know that women ever did anything quite as strenuous as that."

Mrs. Carlisle caught the faint touch of irony and flushed slightly. But it was lost on Jack, who went on to relate some great achievements of Leila's in the colt-breaking line.

That night, as Jack came out of the house on his way to Oaklawn, he found Adele alone on the veranda.

"Come and talk to me," she said.

Jack sat down beside her. In the moonlight she was lovely in a black net gown, silver-threaded, thru which her shoulders gleamed like marble. About her white throat a necklace of rubies glimmered sullenly. Jack had been eager to talk over the football match with Leila, but he forgot all about it as he looked at Adele.

"Isn't this an exquisite night?" she said, and added, in a lower tone, "A night for lovers."

The moonlight had blanched the color from her face, leaving the vivid red of her mouth a pale rose. She turned and looked at Jack. The same emotion quivered thru him as when he had felt her fingers close caressingly about his bare arm. She swayed slightly toward him. He felt suddenly weak, like an exhausted woman; he was hardly conscious that he recoiled. For several days afterward he avoided the Countess St. Maur as much as possible. He spent a great deal of his time with Leila, but he was listless, abstracted, and took no interest in anything.

"What is the matter with you, Jack?" Lelia at length asked him. "You aren't like yourself."

"Oh, I am all right," he replied.

Lelia eyed him curiously.

"I don't believe you're well. Perhaps it's your liver. I'd see a doctor."

Jack gave an odd laugh.

"I don't think it's my liver," he declared.

On the night of Mrs. Carlisle's dance, Jack got into his dress suit, and looking very handsome and feeling very uncomfortable, went downstairs. He was standing in the hall when the Countess St. Maur came down. He stood staring up at her breathlessly. Her gown was of pale yellow silk covered with jeweled lace. Her shoulders were bare save for a narrow strip of yellow veil studded with diamonds. There were diamonds in her copper-colored hair, about her throat, and on her breast.

A madness surged thru Jack. He longed to look at her, to crush the dust at the foot of the stairs. He stood still, blocking her way. They stood looking at each other. Her eyes narrowed, her breath fluttered over her vivid lips. Jack turned and opened the door leading into the library.

"Go in," he said hoarsely.

She went past him into the room. He followed, closed the door, and took her into his arms. Their lips met and clung. He crushed her against his breast with a force that hurt, and she smiled, murmuring:

"Jack, I love your strength."

Her bare arms crept above about his throat, her fingers buried in hair.

"I want you, Jack," she murmured, her lips against his.

Dazedly, Jack followed Adele across the hall into the drawing-room.

Mrs Carlisle, in black satin, with a few fine diamonds in old-fashioned settings, was standing talking to Judge Pane. She thought Jack looked oddly thru Jack's tingling nerves. Mrs. Carlisle explained that Lelia had gone to dressing-room. Judge Pane was talking to Adele, suppressed admiration on his high-bred face. Jack, with an opprobrious feeling, turned and went out into the hall.

Lelia was running down the stairs. She looked very girlish and sweet in a white silk gown, with red roses in her dark hair. Her gown was modestly cut round the neck, but her sleeves reached halfway to the elbow.

"Jack, I have kept only two dances for you," exclaimed the girl, as she reached the hall. "You don't mind, do you? I've been promising dances for a week."

"No, I don't mind in the least," replied Jack, absently. He had not intended he had not asked Adele for a dance, and was feverishly anxious to do so. He moved with Lelia into the dressing-room. Lelia gasped as she caught sight of Adele.

"Oh, what a dream of a gown!" she exclaimed. "But how perfectly indecent!"

Adele glanced up as they approached, her eyes lingering for a moment upon Lelia, who returned her greeting stiffly. Adele had several dances with Lelia's frank young eyes and was amused. Jack, trying to speak naturally, was asking her for a dance. She gave him two. Later, when he went to claim her, her dancing was a revelation to him. Jack was not particularly fond of dancing, but now he felt as if he never wanted to stop. When the dance finally ended, they went into a little dimly lighted room beyond the drawing-room and sat down upon a couch. Adele drew Jack's head down and kissed his curls.

"What absurd hair you have, Jack!" she laughed softly. He drew her to him and kissed her. "Are you happy?" she asked.

"Happy!" He laughed wildly, exultingly. "I have never known what it meant to live until—now. You have taught me that I have a soul."

A shade of gravity passed over her face.

"I don't think it's your soul, Jack. It's the call of the flesh."

"I don't know what you have done to me. I don't care. I am mad about you. I must have you! I must! Will you marry me?"

"Marry you?"

She looked at him oddly.

"Yes. Of course, I cannot marry Lelia now, feeling as I do about you."

She was silent for some moments.

"Very well, Jack," she said, at length, "if you want me, I'll marry you."

A week later Adele came into the room in a hotel in New York where Jack was awaiting her. She wore a violet-colored taffeta silk gown, high to the throat and

Jack was a little annoyed.

with long tight sleeves. Jack thought he had never seen her quite so lovely. We was conscious of sweeping over him as he took her in his arms and kissed her. The thought that in a few hours she would be his wife made his head reel.

"It seems too wonderful that you are going to be my wife," he murmured.

She drew back from him and looked up into his face with a little plaintive smile.

"But I am not going to marry you, Jack."

He turned white.

"Then you've simply been making a fool of me," he muttered hoarsely.

She shook her head.

"No, I want you, Jack, as much as you want me. When I told you to meet me here in New York, I intended to marry you. But I have had time to think, and I won't spoil your life. Think of it, Jack. How absurd it would be for us to marry! Why, I am old enough to be your mother."

"I don't care about that. It makes not the slightest difference," declared Jack, doggedly.

"It would not matter just at first, but there would come a time when it would," she said quietly.

"Why did you make me mad about you—for this?" he asked miserably.

"Because I was mad about you, Jack. But I won't spoil your life."

"You'll spoil my life if you persist in refusing to marry me. I love you."

She smiled.

"No, Jack, you don't love me. It is the call of the flesh. It clamors wildly for a time, but it will burn itself out. You will go back to your girl sweetheart and after a while, you will be quite happy and contented again. You'll forget all about me."

"It is quite impossible for me to marry Lelia now," he declared. "It is you I want—you. You have made me mad for you, and you cannot undo what you have done."

She was silent for some moments. Then she pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Jack, and listen to me." She seated herself, and mechanically he sat down also.

"I was very young and very innocent when my parents took me to Paris, and I was married to the Count St. Maur. I did not know there were such men as he in the world. He was a connoisseur in vice. He had married me because I was young and innocent and he wanted a new sensation. He was careful of my innocence until it began to pall upon him. Then he swept it aside with a sirocco-like breath that seemed to burn up my girlhood and my youth. I hated him, I loathed him, I shrank from him in sickening horror, but he had awakened my passions, and before I had been married a year I had a lover, and he "is not the only one."

There was a tense silence. Jack, his face very white, arose slowly. She looked up at him.

"Jack, do you want to marry me—now?" she asked.

He drew a sharp breath.

"No," he replied. "Oh, God! I thought you were a good woman."

She smiled drearily, as she arose.

"No, I am not a good woman." Suddenly she stretched out her arms to him. "Jack, do you want me that other way? If you do, take me."

She looked at him, but there was no answering passion on his boyish face, only a sort of horror. Her eyes paled, died, and she said very gently, very tenderly:

"Jack, I haven't hurt you much, after all."

When he had gone, Adele went into her bedroom and told her maid to pack up.

"We are going back to Paris, Elise," she said. "I am going back to nurse the wounded soldiers."

Elise stared incredulously.

"Madame?"

Adele laughed a little wildly.

"Oh, I shall be able to do it, Elise. You see I am learning to mortify the flesh."

Jack went straight back to Virginia and told Lelia everything. The girl listened very gravely and in silence.

"Of course you won't want to marry me now?" he concluded miserably.

"But I do want to marry you just the same," declared Lelia. As Jack looked amazed, she added, "I don't blame you, Jack. I blame that woman." And on her young face was the uncompromising condemnation of youth and unassailed virtue. "She is a very bad woman."

Jack kissed her gratefully.

* * *

GRIEVANCE ENOUGH!

She had a chubby face and she was fifty pounds overweight and she had just ordered—quite calmly and serenely—a whipped-creamy French pastry and hot chocolate and was lookingly longingly at some rich vanilla pie gazing by in the hands of a waitress.

"It's true," she mourned. "What the paper said—that if a woman weighed over 140 this year she might as well go and jump in the lake! I hadn't minded so much until I started out to get some spring clothes, and now all I want to do is to leap out and bite some one savagely! Nothing else will relieve my feelings! Haven't the people who design clothes any hearts? I'll warrant they're fat themselves and take a malicious joy in making other fat women miserable! See what they've done this year! The clerk put on me a shirt five yards around the lower edge and a short jacket that was full around the bottom and tight on the shoulders, and what did I look like? Precisely like an Edam cheese with a belt around the middle or a crazy sort of lampshade!

"Of course, madam," cooed the clerk, who was as thin like the lath, and inspired me with a mad desire to throttle her because of it, "of course, when one is a little heavier—medium size—wasn't that tactfully put?—one has to be careful. The styles are designed for —er—medium figures."

"Medium nothing," said I. 'Apparently they are designed to look beautiful on a slate pencil, not a human woman! They were designed to reduce the average woman and the stout woman and 98 per cent of the women to fears of helpless wrath! Why, when I think what Michigan avenue is going to look like when all the women are out in their spring clothes, it is enough to make me pause in my road career. If I had one! If a good, strong wind comes along all those women will go careening down the street, like a bunch of tumbleweed out West! Nothing on earth can prevent it.'

The clerk looked at me pityingly. 'You go and get a nice strong cup of hot tea,' she told me. 'It's so difficult to adjust one's self to the new styles.'

"All right,' I told her gratefully. 'That's a good idea! Maybe by the time I've had my tea the styles will have changed into something else that I can wear!' But she wrecked that idea. 'No,' she murmured. 'They never do that. They're either too tight or too loose—did you ever notice that?—unless your figure is perfect, and then you walked languidly away to show me how just all right they were. They ought to have fat, ugly saleswomen to reassure the customers into the belief that they themselves were so much better looking that everything was all right!

"When I went to get shoes," the chubby woman mourned on, "she brought out heaps of shoes with putty-color tops and white tops, and sand tops, until I got breath to cry 'help.' I looked at the salesman, who was young and innocent, and, looking him straight in the eye, I asked him, as man to man, how he fancied I would look trotting along with white-topped shoes, shrieking a block off that I was on my way! He blushed, glanced fearfully around to see that a floor-walker was not present, and whispered that the sign of white-topped and sand-colored shoes was what was driving so many strong men to untimely graves.

"Young man,' said I, 'I thank you! Now if you will kindly lay my hands and feet so I can't get away, and give no attention to my ravings for putty-color spats, I will content myself for all time with a pair of plain, black shoes!' And being a young man of real possibilities he did so with alacrity. Now I am the proud owner of those shoes in public I would be the one saving spot amid a wilderness of women gone with white-top fever.

"Then I looked at hats." The voice of the chubby woman shook with emotion. "Hats! Why, I scarcely know who hated her sister women has been busy over the hats! If it was a man he'd resolved himself for all he knew that we have turned him down in the course of his life! One daring clerk placed lightly, comely upon my head a baby blue straw affair with two cunning little ribbon streamers snuggling down my back and a bunch of pink rosebuds at the fore-ground. It was the sort of hat Peggy Fleming and the other chorus girls put right after the performing seals, wearing a white ruffled pinafore to her knees and an air that makes the boys in the stalls strikes up—and there it was on my settled and respectable head.

"In the mirror opposite eyes the clerk yawned and said most of the hats this spring had ribbons down the back, and of course I looked unfortunate if one were—er—a trifle stout. But, she assured me, every one would be wearing them. Not I,' I told her. I shall tie a shawl over my head and let it go at that!'

"Oh, it's a hard world!" mourned the chubby woman. "I simply don't know what to do about it! Of course, I'll have to reduce! Let's have some more chocolate and whipped cream!"

THE POPPY GIRL

Or, Daring the Bar Sinister

By Carroll K. Michener

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CHAPTER X.

IT WAS not by accident that I paddled up along the coast far beyond the beach where the tourist crowds splashed in the surf. This outrigger canoe in which I sat was heavy, and I was unaccustomed to the work of propelling it, but I soon found myself near that section of the shore line where stood the Winter residence. It was a little difficult to distinguish at first—the clumps of oleander were not visible from the seaward side, and the house had a different appearance.

There are featural qualities about houses. If you can put yourself in the requisite mood of imagination it will be seen that they have undoubted physiognomies. There are the windows and doors—the eyes, nose and mouth; there are the gables and eaves—the forehead and hair; there is the shapeliness or ugliness of proportion and line that determines the facial beauty or repugnance; there is the general style of architectural design that has more or less vivid impression, independent of the condition of newness or decay, as to the element of youth or age.

The Winter house, as I observed, seemed to have two faces, one toward the palm-dreamed coast, the other surmounted perpetually by masses of dazzlingly white cumuli, and the other toward the sea—each of them unlike. There was an expression of tropical languor about the landward face: of dreaminess among the hedges of red flowers, and of stupor from the moist land smells of rice paddies and lotus ponds. With the seaward face it was different matter. There was no languor in it—no hint of stupor from the fetid breath of sun-steeped land. It was bold and fearless as the breakers that advanced upon it forever in melting [illegible] which it stood [illegible] from the sweep of the [illegible] of cocoanut palms. Instead of the domestic hedges and oleanders, gave a touch of the spiritual to the setting of the house and a sense of self-sufficient repose.

Perhaps in thus characterizing Azelie's dwelling I was reading in with attributes interpreted from Azelie herself. She, too, so to speak, had the landward and seaward qualities. She was once the child of the tropics—soft-eyed, soft-voiced, full of a slow-burning sentiment and yet also the child of the sea —clear-eyed, fearless of action, uncurbed in spirit, and full of a steadfastness of purpose so strong as the sweep of the tides.

There is a sociological theory that commingling of races tends to bring out all the vices and none of the virtues of either color involved. My senses made outcry against this theory. Azelie was an exception, surely, confounding the rule.

I paddled slowly, feeling the increasing warmth of the sun, and began to sense sunburn in the unbrowned section of skin revealed by my bathing suit. The row of palm trees and the shaded sands beneath their tall fronds presented a graceful invitation, and I headed ashore.

Azelie had given me plenty of time to think. She had made good her threat to go away if I did not. It was a week since the night of the ball.

"Gone," was the only answer I had been able to get from the Japanese servant who scarred my repeated calls both in person and by telephone. "No sabby when come back. No sabby where go." Which was as unilluminating as possible. But I found her name on the passenger list of one of the inter-island steamers, and concluded reasonably enough that she had taken refuge on the "Big Island," no doubt with her grandmother.

So Azelie was giving me time to think —I certainly had had little enough, if any were needed, for the past events crowded themselves upon me. From the commonplaces of a New York cliff-dwelling the quest for fortune and the opium trade had led me far. Certainly it had not been my original intention to fall in love! Least of all with a half-caste Hawaiian. Having no premonition of such an event I was unprepared to face it. Just where did I stand—and how much in love was I? I had always been more or less of an iconoclast. I had been wont to flatter myself upon it. Love? What was it? And marriage? Why need one be the necessary denouement of the other? I wasn't thinking of marriage when I fell in love with Azelie. How many men, I wonder, do think of that when they're likewise falling? Yet, having discovered myself in love, instinct must have suggested the sequel—or convention, or whatever it is that prevents humankind from following its animal sense and lapsing into atavism. Very well, being in love I thought of marriage. But did I want to marry—any one at all, not to speak of a girl who had interrupted my first declaration of the "divine passion" with the story of a bar sinister?

I am but human, I confess. I was not pleased with the thought of what marriage to Azelie would mean to me—the misunderstanding, sympathy of friends, the persecution of my enemies. So I preferred not to think of it—to poke into the spying spectre back into a dark corner, and let fancy weave on with her gossamer skein of romance, untrammeled.

Fancy was weaving her very best as my canoe skurried homeward, the lazy swells adding a playful impetus, and scraping at last onto the sand beach. I sprang out, hauled the canoe up beyond the water line, and sprawled in the shade just at the edge of the clump of palms.

Again a confession—I knew I was on the sea-lawn of the Winter residence, and I was beginning to weave fiction—the appearance of Azelie herself. Realism is by no means so obliging in conforming to fancy. Azelie at this time it served me well. As I roiled into a position of comfort in the shaded sand, head pillowed on my left arm, elbow, a flutter of sunlight behind the latticed wall of a summerhouse came within the range of vision, and I divined her presence, tho she was hidden among the shaded greens of the vinery and the brown shoots of a young banyan.

"Come out!" I called to her, getting to my feet.

"You're mine," she scolded saucily, revealing herself, "and I shall turn you over to the police for trespass"—driving a young mermaid from her native surf, and finally for intruding upon the very domestic scene of bathing."

She made no great effort to summon the police, however, and sat down near me in the sand where the sun fell full upon the mass of dark hair which she held up from her shoulders to the drying air. She was still in her bathing suit, sea-green and of knitted wool, snug and shapely as to fit. It was not the costume of a swimmer, not of a bather. From the deep sun tint of her arms and shoulders I concluded she must spend much more of her time in deep sea garb than in evening dress.

"You have been hiding from me," I chided. "Why?"

She looked at me searchingly before replying.

"I see that it was of no use," she sighed.

"You thought I would change my mind?" I suggested.

"You should have gone—you should go now. I thought a week would give you time to decide—to go."

"I said I should stay," I protested, but she paid no heed to me.

"This is a land of Circe," she said, speaking rapidly and earnestly, "and it is a place of enchantment. You are a wandering Odysseus, and no doubt there is a Penelope at home, waiting. There is a Penelope for every one, isn't there—of one's own kind, of one's own people?"

"You may change me into any sort of beast you will, Circe," I said gallantly. "I shall not object—only I think you should fatten me for the skewers."

"You are not serious enough," she admonished. "You don't understand what it means—if you stay enchanted. It means you can never go back."

"Never go back?"

"With me."

"And why not—why not with you?"

"You see—you don't know. I lived in the States. I went to college there. I've seen what it means—I've felt. People are kind—too kind. They want to be nice, but they make themselves too nice, which is worse than nasty. They make you conscious of the barrier. And I can't explain it very well, but here it's all different. There are so many of us—every one's somebody."

She gave me a defiant toss of the head to emphasize her point.

"It's not a sin to be of mixed blood here," she cried, "but there—over there in the States it's worse than sin, it's crime—the oddest crime in the world, for which only the innocent are punishable. Don't you see now what I mean—you must realize? You couldn't have me for a wife in the States—me, a half-white!"

There must have been an expression of vacancy or inattention on my face. Very likely there was. But at that moment I was engrossed in a pleasant pastime, that of watching the play of emotion on the lips and in the eyes of a modern Circe for whom I was heartily willing to suffer even the most harrowing of transformation.

"You've not been listening," she responded. "I don't believe you've heard a word."

"I've heard it all," I protested. "Every word has rounded out of one ear right away after dancing into the other, leaving me enchanted. Only go on speaking—if anything—of death even. It's all sweet to me when it falls from your lips. I am Odysseus, and I've forgotten all warnings."

"Silly!" she pouted. "You won't be serious, will you?" And she sprinkled me with a handful of sand.

"Suppose we were on a desert island," I said, suddenly sober. "Suppose there were but two people in the world—you and I. Would it matter then—all this you've been telling me?"

She shook her head meditatively.

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I snap my fingers at the rest of the world. It is exhilarating to be free. I'll have you left. We have a life to live, which is a sunny, breezy day like this. It's ours to spend. What do you say? Let us make haste with what we yet may spend, before we too into the dust descend."

Azelie laughed and bombarded me with another shower of sand, ending by stopping my voice with her fingers over my lips.

"Since I'm Circe I won't turn you into a swine. You're not to go into a fish. Come on, you're in for a ducking."

And taking my hand she raced with me down the sloping beach into the surf. She ducked me, and we both came up blowing and shaking the salt tonic from our eyes.

"You've wet my hair," she laughed. "Now we might as well go in for a swim. You can't swim, can't you?"

I was dubious about entering into an aquatic competition with Azelie, but I replied:

We took the canoe and paddled out beyond the reef. The breeze was keener, freer here, and the sun was less fierce. Jets of spray were whipped from our paddles and from the prow of the canoe as it nosed into the tops of the long swells. Azelie stood up like a sea goddess, her breast full to the breeze and both arms upraised to push back her hair. There was the light in her eyes that my fancy had read into the sea-face of the ocean in which she was at home.

"Come on!" she called to me. "Let's get into it. I never see water without a desire to bathe. The feeling comes over me dangerously sometimes when I'm in midocean."

I smiled at the green depths and turned a look of inquiry upon her.

"Sharks?" she laughed. "You're thinking of sharks, aren't you?"

I admitted it.

"I've played around here all my life, and I've seen them—not half a dozen times. They never come inside the reef."

"But, my dear," I remonstrated, "we're outside the reef."

"Frail cat, 'frail cat!" she taunted, and poising herself gracefully in the bow, dived at the crest of the next big swell.

"Come on!" she called, when she emerged, treading water and tying her wet hair into two great knots over her shoulders. I made fast both paddles and followed her, shoulder to shoulder we swam straight out to sea.

"We belong to the family of the gods," I shouted to her with the spirit of adventure. "There's our island back of us, this is our sea. There's no one in the world but we two."

CHAPTER XI.

I WAS not accustomed to swimming. My body was beginning to be cramped and I was buffeted me sometimes into breathlessness, so I turned onto my back to rest. We lay there with a long swell undulating mine, as the sea tossed our relaxed bodies. There is no greater reminder of one's littleness than the vastness of the universe than to lie face upward and resistless to the waves of the open sea, with nothing but the blue vault visible above and nothing sensible beneath but the yielding abyss. Rarely does man encounter a more forceful reminder of the finiteness of his individuality and the infiniteness of things objective. Under no other circumstances is man so nearly shorn of all power and all resource to preserve life except the puny might of his muscles and the feeble cunning of his brain.

"If we don't turn back the canoe will beat us ashore," warned Azelie. The canoe was drifting perhaps one hundred and fifty yards away as we struck out for it.

"Swim as fast as you can and keep ahead of me," she commanded suddenly. I thought I detected a tense note of suppression in her voice, but she kept swimming calmly, and I saw nothing amiss, tho she had dropped back a little. I began using the overarm stroke vigorously, and tho it rapidly tired me, I had soon overtaken the canoe and hauled myself up over the prow.

Azelie had lagged behind, swimming slowly and still was nearly one hundred yards away. That surprised me. She paused, as I watched her, body seemed rigidly intent on something in the water near her. Then suddenly she disappeared, diving with the ease and agility of a porpoise, and from the spot where she had been a long gray shape rose like a torpedo, serried teeth snapping shut in the air, and fell back again. Azelie emerged a few feet away and for a few strokes swam madly, then paused again, waiting. She made no sound—apparently she was unconscious of anything but the struggle she was waging, a struggle instinctive, primitive, desperate, for self-preservation.

It was only a moment that I hesitated, when I had taken in the situation. I unshipped my paddle and began a furious stroke toward her. She had disappeared again, and once more the gray shape had risen from the water, snapping emptily and viciously, belly upward. I was clumsy with the canoe, and the progress I made was like that of one who runs in a nightmare from the horror of some late-supper phantasma.

In intent had I been upon the drama immediately before my eyes that I had not noticed the approach of a canoe from the shore. A shout from it made me look up as its occupant forged about me. An old man, gray, but with the sinews of the tropics [illegible] paddle, [illegible] his [illegible] and the canoe leaped under his great strokes.

We were only a few yards from Azelie now. I could see that she was nearly exhausted. She was no longer swimming, but waiting, watching intently, summoning all her strength for the successive efforts that enabled her to elude her hideous assailant. She waged her fight with a cunning elemental as that of the shark fighting with the young world's beasts of prey.

The old man's canoe neared her rapidly. A shoulder was out of the water, and a gleaming knife, and dived. Azelie summoning her last strength stroked to the canoe and managed to pull herself

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into it. She hung over the end limply, watching for the old man to reappear. She scarcely noticed me as my canoe ranged alongside, and both of us remained intent upon the spot where the old man had disappeared. For what must have been two minutes we watched. Azelie did not appear to be anxious—she seemed confident.

Fifty feet away the old man rose after I had given him up for lost. He swam toward us without looking behind, and pulled himself into the canoe. Then he stood up, and following his gaze we saw floating in his wake a great white form, ragged jaws closed in a ghastly grin, belly crossed with a long red gash.

Ashore all three of us sank into the sand, and for a long time were silent. Then at last the old man arose, uttering something in Hawaiian, and pointed toward a grass-thatched hut that stood behind the banyan grove where I had surprised Azelie in the drying of her hair. It was past noon and I was conscious of a keen hunger. I divined the meaning of the old Hawaiian's invitation, and together we went into the little hut.

It requires great fortitude to eat with relish the Hawaiian food staple, poi—a dish that might be described with passable vividness as resembling fermented flour and water—but hunger made me equal to it. I relished, too, the sorthelmet crabs that the old man dipped for us in boiling water, and the fish, baked in a neat wrapping of "ti" leaves, which he mysteriously produced for me.

"Did you know," I asked Azelie, at last, "that a shark was following us when you told me to swim for the canoe?"

Azelie nodded, and then as I looked at her reproachfully she laughed.

"Sharks are great cowards," she said. "They rarely come so close inshore."

The old man said something to her in Hawaiian.

"Mokuhana," she explained to me, "is scolding me for not heeding his warning. He told me this morning that this is the shark season—a period when, according to the belief of the old Hawaiians, the sharks show unusual ferocity. I suppose some change in the food supply is the cause of it, if anything of the kind really is true."

"But how did Mokuhana manage to get to you in time?" I asked. "How did he know you were in danger?"

"He says he could see the sharks from shore—many of them. It is a sort of sixth sense with the old Hawaiians. I share it to some extent. I felt their presence, too."

Azelie would talk no more of sharks, so we chose picture-writing cheerful, and until I was overruled, more sentimental.

Mokuhana cleared away the remains of the feast, and began whittling and tapping at a small wooden contrivance the nature of which puzzled me. It was a collapsible affair that folded into a space not larger than a cigar box, but which when opened resembled a tiny raft, with an air-tight tin box at each of the four corners. My curiosity overcame me at last, and I asked the old man what it was.

"You must go—for my sake, if you won't for yours."

She stood wistfully under the palms until distance and the shadows, as I paddled away, robbed me of the sight of her.

CHAPTER XII.

MALACHART and I sat in the hotel lanai over our cigars, amicably enough, despite my growing pique over the unmistakable manner in which I was being shadowed. Malachart, for instance, knew all about my little canoe expedition up the beach on the previous afternoon, and of my previous efforts to find Azelie at home. He was chuckling over these things now, and some reference to them had been made hatteringly in our conversation.

A fleet of small boats, most of them under gasoline power, but a few with sails reminiscent of Japan, was making its way down the beach, just outside the reef, toward the harbor, and I sought to change the subject by asking about it.

"Fishing fleet," explained Malachart. Then he laughed at my futile effort to change the subject of conversation, as he added: "Belongs to her."

"Yes," said Malachart, after a pause, letting his raillery subside. "Winter hasn't anything—much. It's all his daughter's. Hasn't any one told you?"

"I've heard something, not much," I said, nonchalantly. Malachart, lighting a fresh cigar, settled himself in the most comfortable of the lanai chairs to tell me.

"It's quite a romantic affair," he said, and he puffed meditatively before beginning.

"God knows where Winter came from. I suppose this could be said of a good many men in the early days who are not numbered among Hawaii's first families. He wasn't exactly a beachcomber, for he wasn't the sort that wallows in 'ava' and ships out intermittently on tramp steamers. He was an adventurer who must have had bad luck all his life previously. But when he met the daughter of the chief, Lahaina-o-ka-pali, his luck changed. Lahaina was one of the few old Hawaiians who had any thrift. Unlike most of them he held his own against the white man. He didn't barter his land for a demijohn of nigger gin or a suckling pig. Some wise old Hawaiian priest induced him to start a fishing fleet to supply the Honolulu market—it was generally the priests who had the brains in those days, even if they were man-sacrificing fiends—and this, together with the land that most of his land raised sugar cane, made him a rich man.

"The fleet of fishing boats he started has grown. Winter runs it pretty successfully in competition with the Japanese, but they're pushing him hard, and he has difficulty with his Japanese employes.

"Lahaina-o-ka-pali was a hater of white men. When Winter came on the scene—they say he turned up one night at a big luau, or feast, that the old chief was giving in his daughter's honor—Lahaina was furious. Winter made himself right at home, nevertheless—usually the hospitality at a luau is unlimited—and when the guests recovered next morning sufficiently to take notice they found Winter had run away with Lahaina's daughter.

"Have you ever heard of the Prayer of Death? Lahaina went to his kahuna and demanded the performance of the rites that would bring about Winter's death. The kahuna prayed and incanted and prayed, but Winter, living in a little grass hut in Honolulu with his bride, kept right on living. Those were the days of the decadence of the old Hawaiian religion. The missionaries had put it out of business. The Prayer of Death didn't work as well as it once had—especially since the law made it difficult for the kahuna to exhibit his incantations with a bit of poison.

"The old chief became reconciled to the situation after the child was born, but it was only a few months later that the mother died. There was something mysterious about her death—the natives used to say that she had been the victim of the Death Prayer instead of Winter, as was intended. At any rate, the old chief, in order to prevent his property from falling into the hands of Winter, made a new will in which he bequeathed everything to his grandchild. To be sold it is given to her by the priest until she was of age. Winter was not to touch a penny of it. But the stratagem worked in the end. It was that the girl should lose her inheritance if ever she should marry a white man or a man with white blood in his veins. The old chief carried his hatred of the white man to the grave, you see. He died not soon after making the will.

"Well, by and by Winter's luck began to show. The priest who was named trustee presided in his following of the old gods of Hawaii. Lahaina-o-ka-pali was generally considered by the white population to be half-witted. Winter had him adjudged insane, and the court appointed Winter trustee in place of the priest. So Winter doesn't own a penny of the estate the effect is the same. What is daughter's is his, and there is little likelihood of her marrying. She has been well educated and at heart is a white woman, and she can't marry a white man without forfeiting the estate, and she's not at all likely to marry a Hawaiian."

Malachart looked at his watch, muttered something about an appointment, and rose to take his leave.

"There's a boat due from the Coast—the one you came on—in about three days," he said, as he left me. "We'll have a power boat ready to take us out and look it over."

I couldn't resist a final "pleasantry" and added: "Your 'shadow' will keep you informed as to the arriving time and departure. But his firm handclasp took away a little of the sting of it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE gray-haired old Hawaiian came to me on the third afternoon following, and in monosyllabic gestures bade me accompany him. Azelie had gone into concealment once more, and I welcomed Mokuhana's appearance as a possible relenting on her part and an opportunity to see her again. But instead of conducting me to the house framed in oleanders, with the palm beach and the sea for a background, Mokuhana made mysterious signs and pointed me by heading inland, thru the residences on the hillside, and beyond to the thick green slopes of the foothills.

I had begun to entertain ideas of revolt, and to plot to escape to the cool lanai again, when the mystery of the expedition was explained, and we came upon Azelie, seated beneath a huge rubber tree just under a steep hill crest overlooking the sea, wearing a brown Hawaiian holoku and a wide-brimmed sun hat crowned with a "lei" of fresh-gathered flowers.

"Have you relented?" I asked, as I flung myself on the yielding turf at her side to end the heat of the climb. "Are you going to stop hiding from me?"

Azelie shook her head ruefully.

"You are going away," she said, but I only laughed.

"I am going to send you away," she persisted. "After today you will want to go away. You will understand better."

And she was so earnest in what she

"You're mine!"

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said that she sobered my mirth.

When I had rested she rose and pointed up the slope.

"Come," she said. "We're going on a pious pilgrimage. See—these flowers: Hilmas done up in double leis and bound with maile. Smell—they are deathly sweet. They belong to the dead."

I began to understand, then, the nature of the pilgrimage.

We went out into the hot sunlight where the heat waves, rising from the hillside taro beds, almost curled the moist leaves of the cut flowers, but further up, along the shady mountain paths thru which Mokuhana led us, it was a bit cooler. I smiled as I thought of the delight I must find in the cool shadow, if indeed the industry of that ubiquitous individual had brought him on my heels today. But there was no sign of him below on the paths. There was a limit, perhaps, to the persistence even of a detective. I concluded I had at last shaken off the espionage that had oppressed my spirit, and felt keen delight in a new sense of freedom.

"How far?" I inquired, mopping my brow as we rested halfway up a declivity made precipitous by any we had passed. "Surely you don't have your cemeteries on the mountaintops in Hawaii?"

"Hush," admonished Azelle. "We are not going to a cemetery, Mahana. Not the sort you imagine. The malihini must not inquire too deenly," she added, playfully. "The gods will be offended. You see that summit over there? Once, many years ago a temple crowned it, and a god dwelt there—what you have called him a hideous old heathen of an idol, with his burnt, wooden old body dressed in tattered feather cloaks. Mokuhana is afraid—no, don't laugh at this—that there was one of the old gods in that also he killed, perhaps the afakua was taho and he will suffer for having killed it. Did you realize that we are in the midst of the old gods—here, everywhere? They dwelt in the air, the rocks, the trees—in every mountain and valley. There were gods in sharks and lizards and owls. And there was Pele, the fire goddess, who lived in the burning pit of Kilauea. There were the elves in the woods—there were demi-gods, too."

"There may be no demigods in these decadent days, but there are elves—at least one that I know of," I said, "and if you could catch him out of the premises you Mokuhana would have reason enough to be scandalized."

But I am talking, she taunted, scrambling out of reach; and she began chanting, rather pensively, some ancient bit of Hawaiian music, wild and torn as the little mountain glen thru which we were passing.

We had left the paths now, and were scrambling thru thickets of undergrown guavas and mountain brush. The late afternoon sun smote us like a hot sword, and there was a cool aroma rising from the moist recesses of shaded vegetation. We were high up in the mountains that thru forms a vertebral divide across the length of the island, sending ribbike offshoots toward the sea. We came ended in a sheer wall of rock which appeared insurmountable. We had reached a cul de sac. Mokuhana paused here, with a satisfied grunt, as if he had attained the desired end of the pilgrimage.

"Have we arrived?" I asked.

"Yes, almost," answered Azelle, resting also on a bank of moss and nibbling at the pink flesh of the guava. But the old man had opened for her.

Mokuhana busied himself with a parcel he carried. From it he took three or four big heart-shaped nuts and thru holes carefully gimleted in the small ends suspended bits of lamb's wool.

"Mokuhana is old-fashioned," laughed Azelle. "He prefers the old kukui nut to a kerosene torch."

When he had lighted one of the wicks and roused it with blue flame from it the old man led us to a cleft in the blank wall of rock a few paces, then stooped and disappeared thru a small opening. Azelle followed, and with a good deal of wonderment I came after. The feeble light of the kukui nuts revealed little, but in a few moments the nature of the cavern was apparent. We were in one of those tunnels formed by fires which, when the island still was in its process of volcanic evolution, streams of lava poured from the fissures in the molten heart of the mountain. Ancient as was this herculean architecture, the wild scheme of it still was visible thru the corrosion of ages. The roof was hung with red and brown stalactitic lava, in a myriad of grotesque shapes, and thru the soil and pumice accumulations of the floor were

The trees, in many instances, were of enormous girth

It had receded into its semi-viscid shape, even before the undulations of its surface had subsided by some cooling process.

I had read something of the old-time cave burial of Hawaiian chiefs, and was prepared to see grewsome testimonials of vanished generations. There was much debris—rotted mats, bits of wood, timbers and tattered cloth—hinting rather than revealing the presence of mortal remains.

Two earthen urns, wreathed with the shriveled husks of old garlands, stood in a niche apart from the others in the main portion of the cavern, and before these Azelle and the old man paused. Mokuhana lighted the kukui nuts and set them in a row on a lava shelf. Then together they replaced the faded wreaths with fresh flowers.

Azelle stood away while the old man knelt before the urns, uttering a Hawaiian chant.

"The priests prayer to the spirit of a chief," she whispered.

A name ran thru the old man's dirge, and it came to my ears with a familiar sound: "Lahaina-no-ka-pali," repeated Azelle to me in a whisper. "my grandfather."

"The other?" I queried, with a gesture toward the second urn.

"My mother."

This highly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten fold. SUBSCRIBE.

WHAT FRIGHTENED HER

"It's a mouse!"

Frantically she shook her sleeping husband, who sprang up with the wavering roar of the suddenly wakened. "Wh-what is it?"

"Hush!" commanded his wife. "You'll scare it away! It's a mouse—hear it?"

"For the love of Mike!" he muttered disgustedly. "I thought it was a burglar or two! Well, if it is a mouse, don't you want it scared away? I don't hear any mouse!"

"That's because you're making such a racket talking!" she said tartly. "Of course I don't want it scared—I want to catch it!"

"There is no trap nearer than a mile and a half down in the basement," protested her husband. "Go to sleep!"

"And have a mouse running across my face?" she shrieked.

"It can't be a mouse," he protested, now thoroly awake. "Because this house was recommended as burglar and mouse proof by the agent. Any sensible mouse would know it was wasting its time up here, anyhow, unless it yearns to dine on silver buttonhooks and clothes brushes."

"It's after the birdseed!" insisted his wife. "The bird hangs right in that window you know, and the seeds fall on the floor! If I wasn't afraid of 'em I'd say it showed wonderful intelligence —s-s-sh!"

Describing a double arc she shot out onto the floor and whirled around madly.

Appalled, her husband sat up and stared at her after snapping on the light. "It b-b-bit me!" she wailed. "I felt it run right across my foot—"

In half a bound he joined her. Cautiously he threw back the covers disclosing no mouse. He laughed with suspicious unconsciousness. "Your imagination!" he taunted.

"You were just as scared as I was!" insisted his wife. "Anyway, it might very easily crawl up the side of the bed. If you don't catch that mouse I'll die, Ferdinand!"

Muttering things about woman's nerves he shrugged into bathrobe and slippers and made due tour to the basement, finally dislodging the mouse trap.

"There!" he gasped, arriving upstairs. "Now go to bed, for goodness' sake, and go to sleep—for here's the trap! There isn't any mouse, but I got it to humor you! I haven't heard the slightest sound of a mouse."

"There was, too, a mouse!" she insisted. With her last breath before falling asleep.

She shook him violently in the morning to waken him, excitedly waving in his face the mouse trap he had brought up a few hours before.

"Chet!" she stormed. "You put the trap down, but you didn't bait it! And I might have had mice running all over my bed, thanks to you—and I slept right thru it!"

"Then what's the difference?" he yawned. "You would think a mouse was a man-eating tiger the way you act! Besides, I didn't hear any mouse!"

"That mouse is going to be caught tonight!" she insisted fifteen hours later. "Here is the cheese—and it's on that trap and fix it right! You promised to protect me when you married me, and I'd like to see you do it!"

"I tell you there wasn't any mouse!" he muttered as he set the trap. "This humorist of a woman has its limit! I've got an idea it's in the head and no power on earth—o-oh, Lordy!"

He had walked into the forgotten trap and it went off with a bang like a gun. Slightly pale he recovered it and added it. "This is nonsense!" he said shortly.

"See!" she cried next morning. "I lay awake most of the night and I was sure I heard it—and it's eaten all the cheese, but didn't get caught! Which proves that there is no mouse! I shall bait it myself tonight—you are too careless!"

"I'm sick of mice!" he growled. "All I want to do is sleep and I'll be let alone! You're crazy on the subject! I won't touch your old trap!"

Nevertheless he baited the trap herself that night and from the utter blackness of dreamless sleep she shook him awake.

"It went off!" she gasped. "I've got it! I've got the mouse!"

Snapping on the light she darted at the window and presently triumphantly held before him the trap with its prey—the tiniest, dearest little mouse imaginable. "There—now, will you believe me?"

He opened one eye and blinked it disbelievingly. "Huh!" he gurgled. "Betcha bought it off some boy and stuck it in there! I'm sick of the best of me!" And was asleep again.

"I—I'd like to throw it right at you!" said his wife tearfully somewhere. "Mercy! How I hate men sometimes!"

Going to Waste.

"Every one who goes to Niagara," says a novelist who has recently come to America, "is struck by the ridiculous and inept remark there. You stand and gaze at the falls, profoundly moved, and then, out of a sudden silence is said, and the effect of the grandeur goes forever.

"The day I first saw Niagara a man touched my arm as I looked up at those white waters. I turned to him. He had the smile of the confirmed joker.

"'It seems a shame,' he said, 'to see all this going to waste.'

"'Wh-what is it?' I said. 'An electrical engineer?'

"'No,' he answered; 'a milkman.'"

A Poor Judge.

An Irishman taking home a large goose stopped at an inn to get some refreshment. Putting down the goose he was proceeding satisfactorily at first when a seedy-looking individual, seizing the bird, made off with it. Pat at once gave chase, and seizing the man by the neck, exclaimed:

"What did ye take the bird for?"

"Sure," said the seedy one, "I took it for a lark."

"Did ye?" said Pat. "Begorra, then, ye'd make a bad judge at a bird show."

Why John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife

I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town,
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown,
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING
And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John's story,
And I'll send and get the same.
So I sent for GOLDEN TREATMENT,
(As sly as sly could be)
And I put it John's cup supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit,
Had no odor, no, you see,
It was smoothest kind of salting
For Little Doctor Me.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
And cried some, too, I'm proud,
And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It unties me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough,
And lasso and bushes a liquor
As he would a potent bluff.
And when I say my prayers at night
As thankful as can be,
I pray for John the most of all—
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The Danger Line

Or, Banished to Blandford

By Ernest A. Young

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CHAPTER IV.

KING'S hands were free, and his first act was to shut off the power and apply the brake. The momentum kept the car going only a few yards further because of the resistance of the small growth thru which it had to push its way. With the machine under control, King wheeled upon his assailant with a suddenness and fury for which Bryson speedily found himself no match.

With all the advantage to begin with, Bryson quickly found himself overmatched by the trained sinews and superior strength of his opponent. His hold was torn loose, his feet were tripped from under him, and while his arms fanned the air he was pitched head-foremost over the side of the car. He landed on a heap of pine slash left from an old cutting of roadside trees, and for a minute or two he did not get up.

King tried then to start the car. But he quickly discovered that the machine was entangled in the brush, and so as to interfere with the gear. The motor would go, but he could not shift to the driver's seat. He crawled under the car and cut away the obstacle if he would continue his flight with the machine. Meanwhile he could hear the shouts of his pursuers, while Bryson, bruised, scratched and furious, began yelling like a Moro. There was certainly no time to tinker a balky motor; for, with the pursuers coming on as they were, the chance that the machine would develop some engine or steering trouble. King had been up against such things before.

In a minute more he was not afraid to take every chance. He judged that he must be quite close to the buildings of the King farm, and saw that he was so near he was not inclined to return to the village without at least a glimpse of the dwelling. He was intensely curious, also, to see what sort of person Horrocks, whom everybody seemed to be afraid of, might appear under actual inspection.

Gridley and his men were not far away, a fact to which they testified by a chorus of shouts in response to Bryson's signals of distress. But they had not yet come in sight, and King had decided what to do before the glimmer of the first of the pursuing lanterns came into view.

There was a lantern in the automobile, and this King took possession of without stopping to light it. Just as Bryson was scrambling to his feet King ran up the road, where at that point swept around a broad curve along a nearly level stretch. Beyond the curve there was a steep pitch, with a stony surface washed and gullied by rains. At the summit of the pitch was a broad, open area, a large, low-gabled farmhouse squatting in a little hollow, and a big barn on the opposite side of the road. There was also a string of outbuildings attached to the house. At first glance most of the buildings appeared to King to be in a better state of repair than he had expected to find them.

A light shone from two windows of the house. He was so close to the dwelling on one side, and his pursuers were such a short distance behind him, that King realized that his chances of escape had been but slightly improved by his survey of the outcomings. His only chance was of concealment, and there was no time to choose a hiding-place. Merely in that time he darted over the road and ran for a short distance into what appeared to be a cart road leading in the direction of the lumber camp.

There it was so dark that he had to keep in the middle of the road to avoid colliding with trees. As it was, he swerved too far to one side and received a stab on his left cheek from a dead branch. Feeling the warm trickle of blood from the wound, he paused in the midst of the blackness of the shadows to recover his wind, which had been taxed by the rapid and varied exertions of the last few minutes.

Lincoln King, more than most healthy young men, was governed by moods and impulses, and these, with him, swung to greater extremes in times of stress. While he listened to the approaching shouts of his pursuers a sudden feeling of depression swept over him. This was not a result of the danger, which he realized was more critical than he had dreamed of encountering. It was caused, rather, by the failing barometer of his changeful mood.

When his father had first imposed the Blandford banishment he had faced the penalty with a sense of bitterness. It had promised to be a dull and utterly distasteful undertaking from beginning to end. Now it suddenly occurred to him that more of the actual conditions at the old farm were known to Wallingford King than had been disclosed.

"Now I think of it," King reflected, "he hinted that I might not find it so tame as I supposed. If he knew there was actual danger, why didn't he say so? Was he trying to scare me or keep off? He should know me better than that. If he had suggested sending me to the Mexican border, or to the Philippines, I would have welcomed the idea. Or didn't he care what happened to me?"

This unpleasant thought aroused all the combativeness of his disposition. The contemptuous gibes of Gridley, the vicious attack by Bryson, even the blow from the dead branch from which his cheek still smarted and bled, increased his antagonism toward the beneficiaries which seemed to be arrayed against him. The odds were heavy, but he was in a mood to care.

The pursuers seemed to have passed the cart road, keeping to the highway. But this was likely to give King but a momentary advantage. He judged that the cart road led to the vicinity of the lumber camp. If he were to go back to the camp thru the woods, therefore, he would be sure to run into the arms of his pursuers, with some chance, at least, of getting back to the highway in their rear. This was the most promising of the way for his own flight back to the village.

Prudence counseled him to make an attempt in that direction, but his reluctance to abandon the reconnoissance of the place, which might furnish tangible evidence of a conspiracy on the part of Horrocks and probably others, deterred King from deciding to give up the adventure at this stage.

"I'll follow the cart road," he decided. "If it takes me back to the camp I can cut across the woods and hike for the town, if I have to. But I find I have thrown them off my track I will see if I can't get a little something more before I call on the authorities for help. For that matter, it looks as if it might be difficult for me to get to take hold of this business without going outside of the town and neighborhood. Horrocks, whoever and whatever he may be, has them all scared to a standstill. I have heard before this of a witness combination terrorizing a country town so that nobody dared to start action against it."

King struck into a run, keeping to the center of the cart road, where the going was nearly as wide as the highway. He still carried the unlighted lantern, which he might have occasion to use, after a few moments of running he halted again to listen. He had no sooner done so than he caught the sound of hoofbeats, and at the same time saw the swinging light of a lantern coming in his direction. She had stepped out from a forest path on the side of the cart road nearest the farm buildings. She was a girl, King saw, ten feet from him. She was so slender, with her skirt reaching hardly to the tops of her shoes, that at first he had thought her but little more than a child. His surprise was increased as she spoke to him.

"Mr. Lincoln King?" she exclaimed in a questioning tone.

"I am Lincoln King," he answered, with a short, nervous laugh. "Everybody seems to have a way of getting at my name, but that is the first time I've had the other problems I've been up against."

"I came from the house," she explained, "when I heard the horn sounded her. "A telephone message came from the town, and I heard Horrocks say that Lincoln King had been the cause of this property, was on his way here. Then one of the men came in and reported that you had been seen near the lumber camp, and that they were chasing you in this direction. I stole out with a lantern hoping—just hoping—that it might be you. I had no thought of finding you here. I took a path to this cart road as a short cut to the camp. I was on my way there to do—"

"You live at the house—maybe you work for the Horrocks people?" said King.

The girl hesitated. She seemed to be listening. They could hear the shouts of the lumbermen, and the sounds, which had receded for a time, seemed to be coming nearer. "You are in great danger, Mr. King," the girl then said, without having answered his question.

"You think I had better give up going to the house until I have somebody with authority to back me up?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. But that isn't all—you are in a tight place as it is. They will leave men to cut off your return to the town by way of the road. You could not get there 'cross-country thru' the woods."

"Then you think I'm in a pretty tight place?" said King.

"I will have to get you to a hiding-place, and you will have to stay there until they are not so keen on your trail. It is best that we get to the other side of the main road. Come quickly!"

She started back toward the highway, swinging her lantern but stepping so lightly that she made no sound. As they reached the road a backward glance showed King two men with lanterns just striking into the cart road from the woods, in their rear. If they saw his companion's lantern, they took it for granted that it was one of their own men, as they did not suspect that the fugitive had a light. The momentary deception was enough, and altho they saw the glimmer of other lights up and down the highway as they emerged from the cart-track, they crossed the main road without attracting attention from the searchers.

The conditions on the other side of the road were similar to those on that where the lumber camp was situated. The area had been cut over a number of years before, and the growth had been of pine, and the windrows of dry slashings of tops and limbs lay amidst the new growth of hard and red oak. The girl seemed to know every foot of the ground, for she immediately struck into a narrow footpath that led diagonally from the road.

For ten minutes they kept on in silence, the girl leading the way. The young growth became sparser, and the heaps of pine slash more scattered. At last they came to an opening in the center of which stood an old barn. Thru a fringe of trees they could see the outlines of the house and other farm buildings.

"I will put out the light now," said the girl, suiting her action to the word.

The barn yonder is little used except for the storage of seed forage, and of little value, and I have been thinking that you might hide there until we can make better plans for you to get away."

"You count on my taking to my heels, then, the first chance I get?" King returned.

"What can you do, alone? Or do you expect some one else soon?" she asked.

"I'm alone, all right," King admitted. "But I came to get at all the facts, and if I ran away now I should know little more than I did at the beginning."

"You can do nothing here alone, sir," she declared. "You must—"

She broke off, closing her lips tightly, as he could see in the dim light, for they stood close together and spoke in tones that could not be heard beyond the row of trees.

"You can doubtless tell me much that I wish to learn," he said. "You did not tell me who you are. I asked if you worked for Horrocks."

"I am Zella Penlow," she answered, quickly. "Isaac Penlow, who hired the farm, was my father."

"Ah!" King exclaimed.

"My father died, you know," the girl hurriedly explained, "and my mother married Horrocks!"

She punctuated her speech with quick, birdlike glances in the direction of the road and the dwelling. "It is terrible, Mr. King!" she added, in a low-keyed voice sinking to a whisper.

King had obtained two or three fair glimpses of her eyes, and he was impressed by a brooding terror in them. At the same time he decided that she must be older than he had thought at first. "Eighteen, maybe 20," he mentally guessed.

"You say you started out, Miss Penlow, to warn me against the crowd at the lumber camp?" he asked.

"I was coming to warn you, if I could. You must not try to come, for it is terrible there. Some—some accident would surely happen to you."

"Mishaps usually happen to people who come spying!" King suggested.

"I realize that now, but little about it, I suspect—I fear—everything. You knew it was an accident that happened to my father?"

"I supposed your father was living until the stage driver told me differently tonight," said King.

"Did he tell you anything more?"

"Only that everybody either feared, or hated, Horrocks, and that Horrocks was the real tenant of the farm."

"It is all true. You should have found out more before coming here, and you should not have tried to come alone. Horrocks has one or more spies at the tavern," said King, "or somehow it is stranger comes into the town I know it a short time after. You must go to a

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"I cannot even make a guess."

"Why did you take all this trouble and risk to warn me, Miss Penlow?" King asked.

"Because I did not want any more—accidents—to happen. And another reason," she added suddenly, as if it took a strong effort for her to make the confession. "I—I want to escape from this dreadful place!"

He could see that she was trembling violently, and he was touched by the pathos of her voice and the desperate appeal of her words.

"When I return to the village you shall go with me, and I will see that you find people who will protect you," King assured her.

"It will hardly be so simple as that. It will be all that I can do now to find a way to get you away from here without discovery."

"Is there no way to get back except by the main road?"

"Not that you could use, especially at night. There is what is called the old road which crosses the river at two points and winds around the base of the mountain. It branches off from the road at the foot of the hill, on this side. But it would be a long, dismal journey, with a chance of your losing your way."

The girl seemed to be speaking her thoughts aloud rather than addressing them to her companion, and she observed her furtively, still undecided about her age. She was slender and graceful, with golden-brown hair hanging in two massive braids to her waist. Her beauty, such as it was, lacked the conventional adornments of dress, and King sensed her charm thru her voice and her direct appeal to his confidence.

"I'll get her away from this place if I ever escape myself," he resolved.

Just then a shout from the direction of the house caused her suddenly to seize his arm. "They are looking for me; they wonder where I have gone!" she exclaimed. "Come and hide yourself in the old barn, and I will return to them so they will not suspect. I will manage some way to see you again in a little while."

As they came nearer to the old barn King saw that one of the doors lay on the ground while the other hung by a single hinge. A gust of wind caused the door to wave back and fro, the hinge protesting with a dismal squawk.

A call came from the house, uttering the name of Zella in a voice that resembled the screeching tones of a parrot. It did not sound like a human voice at all.

"That is Horrocks, and he has hobbled out looking for me," breathed the girl. "He must not find you—for your own sake. Hide yonder, and I will return to you as soon as I can."

CHAPTER V.

THE discordant call of Horrocks was repeated while Zella Penlow was speaking. She turned away with an urgent push toward the barn. "Please hide yourself while there is time!" she exclaimed.

"And you?" he asked.

"I will find a chance to come back soon. I know how to deal with him. But he must not see me return from this direction. Do as I say—please!"

He went in past the broken rocking door and paused in the midst of a darkness which human eye could not penetrate. Turning, he could see the girl dart thru the border of trees, evidently with the intention of crossing the road, and so approaching the dwelling from the opposite side.

It was evident that she had long been schooled in deception and subterfuge, the only means of defense against the strangely malignant Horrocks. The singularly malevolent power to dominate all who came under his influence marked Horrocks as a unique individual. King was possessed with a desire to obtain a glimpse of the man.

As soon as Zella Penlow had passed from his view he stepped out of the barn and advanced toward the house, taking care that he was well screened from view by the trees. Reaching within the darkest shadows he worked himself thru the fringe of trees and took up a position from which he could view the dooryard of the dwelling.

A haze overspread the stars, and objects were only indistinctly visible even when close at hand. But he saw the girl emerge from a clump of trees on the other side of the road, and advance toward the house. She had relighted her lantern. King then saw a misshapen form move with a peculiar, writhing movement across the dooryard to meets the girl. Again the parrot-like tones of Horrocks pierced the silence, but with no words that were distinct enough to be understood. King saw Zella spring nimbly aside as if to elude some attempt on the part of the cripple.

"Its is a devil!" muttered King, who could scarcely restrain himself from springing to the girl's defense.

But he recalled Zella's almost impassioned beseeching him to keep out of the sight of Horrocks. "She must have meant that my presence, even by being so anxious on that point," he reasoned. "She could hardly fear that that cripple would succeed in thrashing me in a fight, and it would seem that even this were a bit too close to civilization for a straight shooting game."

Horrocks began speaking again and his words were more distinct.

"You were at that old young spy, you traitor-cat!" he screeched. "You heard what was said over the telephone, and so you went out to give the spy warning!"

The girl swung her lantern back and forth without reply. The cripple squirmed, and then gave a toadlike hop in her direction. But she eluded him easily.

"Don't you dare to open your lips, you traitor-cat!" he yelped.

"Yes, I dare," the girl answered.

"Then tell me what treachery you've been at," the cripple persisted.

"There is nothing to tell, and there would be no use denying anything you made up your mind to charge me with," said the girl.

"Now you're impudent again!"

Zella swung her lantern and did not reply.

"You think your mother will stand up for ye, at a pinch," Horrocks went on. "But you'll find out she can't help ye."

Again he tried to get nearer to her, but this time the girl darted past him, and by an encircling course she reached the house door, opened it, and disappeared within the dwelling.

Possibly she counts upon some sort of defensive by her mother," was the thought of King, "even tho the woman did marry the brute."

Horrocks squirmed his way to a window of the house next to the door and tried to peer in. Evidently he failed to observe anything, for he gave an impatient grunt and hobbled toward the end of the string of outbuildings. The "Adam," he called, his parrot-like voice rising to a screech. "Adam, ye muckle-head, I want ye!"

There was a narrow door set in one of the large rolling doors of the carriage house, and this was opened almost instantly in response to the call of the cripple. The one who came out was tall, with stooping shoulders. His face was covered by a shock of unkempt whiskers. As he walked he had a way of giving his head and neck a short forward jerk at each step, a peculiarity which would have identified him under any disguise.

"Ye called me, eh?" he asked, nasally.

"Come into the house with me," said Horrocks, "and help me to frighten the truth from the lips of Zella, the traitor-cat. You scared her the last time, Adam, I'll have ye horsewhip her if she won't talk."

Adam stolidly approached the house door, Horrocks writhing after him. And as he watched them the heart of Lincoln King leaped, and the fighting blood of all his ancestors surged thru his veins. It was rabbit hiding for me, he mumbled, "and letting that child face everything!"

The moment that Horrocks and Adam went into the house King crossed the dooryard, taking little care to keep within the darker shadows next to the buildings. Whether Gridley and the lumbermen were still hunting for him he did not know, and he cared little. But for some time he had heard no sounds of pursuit, and he had an impression that they did not suspect him of having approached the danger zone around the farmhouse. That they were still actuated by the search for him, he was to discover soon enough.

He tried to peer in thru one of the windows, but the shades drawn so close that he could make out nothing. He could hear the mumble of voices and nothing more, and the indistinctness of the sounds within he decided that the outer door opened into an entryway, and another door led into the room where the talk was going on.

"I'll have to take another chance," muttered King. "Their chatter will cover what noise I may make, and maybe I can get a look at the whole bunch of them. This is my ancestral home, anyhow, and I come with the power to take possession, if I can."

The outer door was not locked, but the hinges squeaked as King opened it. After crossing the threshold he hesitated for a moment to see if the noise was observed by the inmates. The chatter did not cease, but a little fan of light came thru a crevice betwixt the inner door and jamb, and to this King applied an eye. He had never looked upon such a queer group before, and he would probably never behold anything like it again.

Zella Penlow stood at the opposite end of the room with her back against the wall. She was pale, but her attitude and expression were defiant. She seemed prettier and less childish than she had appeared to King by the dim lantern light.

Adam stood in the middle of the room, big, stupid, passively waiting for positive orders from his master. There was something in his posture and expression that reminded King of a docile Newfoundland dog, his hair and beard almost hiding his face, of which only his pug nose and small round eyes were visible.

In a rocking-chair lolled a woman who looked to be too fat and indolent to rise from it. Her face was not displeasing, but it was lacking in character. King was startled because there was not a single point of similarity between the faces of the woman and Zella.

But it was the face and figure of Horrocks that held the gaze of the observer with a sort of fascination. They were in keeping with the croaking voice and squirming gait. His cheeks and forehead were of a marble whiteness—they would not have been more ghastly if the man were dead. His piercing eyes were deep-sunken under projecting brows. The nose, like a parrot's beak, overshadowed the thin, sunken lips and insignificant chin.

Just how, or why, this man was so horribly crippled could not be understood by looking at him. But the difficulty, or disease, evidently affected his entire body as much as it did his legs, for there was a distortion of his whole frame whenever he so much as shifted the position of his feet. This was not all. A twisting of his features accompanied all the writhings of his body and limbs.

"That being will obsess all my future nightmares," thought King, with a shudder.

The woman was speaking. "I'm worn out with all this trouble!" she complained in whining tones. "My child has no respect for my wishes, and my husband raves and rails at me!"

She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief which at least had the merit of being clean. Evidently she counted upon quelling the wrath of Horrocks with her whines and tears.

"The girl is a traitor-cat and a spy!" snarled the cripple. "She went out to warn Wallingford King's son, after listening to what was said over the telephone. More than likely she has him hiding close by this very minute. Ha! Look at the face of the traitor-cat!" he suddenly screeched, as he turned upon the girl and pointed a long, tremulous finger toward her pallid countenance.

Zella's expression had surely changed from that of defiance to one of terror. The strain had been too much. It was little wonder that the accusations and loathsome presence of Horrocks were too much for her nerves. Besides, the girl had been subjected to a similar or-

She stood with her back to the wall.

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deal for many days, and in ways of which King knew nothing.

She had overheard talk among the inmates of the old house for several days. Members of the lawless gang of timber cutters, together with a number of suspicious visitors at the place, had held midnight conferences until the very atmosphere seemed to have become surcharged with crime and plotting.

The house was near the State boundary line, and Zella had known for many months that Wallingford was a station on a sort of "underground railroad" for the escape of criminals out of the State and over the Canada line. She had been discovering new criminal facts every day for some time. Night and day, sleeping and waking, she had been obsessed by a sense of unnamed horrors until her power of endurance had reached the breaking point.

"Traitor-cat, traitor-cat! See the traitor-cat!" the cripple kept repeating, as he detected the sudden pause which caused her to shrink against the wall.

Then Hendrick Hudson Adam with a jubilant crow. "Fetch the hoss-whip, Adam!" he cried. "Make her tell where she has hidden the son of Wallingford King!"

At that particular moment the son of Wallingford King was in a mood to care nothing for Horrocks and his whole gang.

He saw Zella spring to the window when she heard the shouts outside. Before aside the heavy, dingy shade which flapped and sucked in and out under the upraised sash. At a bound she cleared the window-sill, and King heard her running footsteps on the turf outside. At the same time Horrocks, in his screeching tones, frantically urged Adam to pursue and overtake the girl.

King sprang back to the outside door, and in fumbling for the latch his fingers came in contact with the key which was in the lock. He took it out, opened the door, silently stepped over the threshold, and pushed the door after him. Then he turned the key in the lock on the outside. As the bolt clicked he heard the heavy tread of Adam in the entryway.

"He will lose some time trying to find out what has blocked him," thought King. "Even the gain of a minute is worth something, and Horrocks, with his lobster-legs, can never get out thru the window."

A Penlow girl was still in sight, running down the long slope beyond the barn which was nearest the house. Even in her terror she was careful not to lead her pursuers in the direction of the old barn where she believed King was hiding.

King stole along close to the buildings and started to follow the girl. "She is careful not to mix me up in her own troubles," was his thought, "and it is thu trying to protect me that she has to face more pressure. Now she won't dare to go back to the house at all, and it is up to me to stand by till she gets out of the scrape."

Not until they had reached a point where the old barn hid them from the house did the girl look back and see who it was following her so closely. Then she stopped running.

"Go 'ft is you, Mr. King!" she cried, breathlessly.

"Where will we go?" he demanded, as he came up with her.

"To the old mill. They think I am afraid to hide in that place, and Adam will not dare to follow us there alone. He is afraid of ghosts."

"How far is it?" King asked.

"Just at the bottom of this slope. Listen, and you will hear the water spurting thru the old leaky flume."

"Gosh, then," said King, "it will at least give us a breathing spell so we can take a new reckoning. I heard the confab at the house just now, and it looks lucky that I took the chance."

The way was steep and the old cart road was overgrown with scrubby birches and blackberry canes. The splash of water sounded nearer, and as they approached there was a rumbling, groaning noise that ceased just as the dark shape of the mill loomed before them.

"What made that noise?" King demanded, pulling up short.

"It was the water-wheel. The gate leaks, and every little while it starts the wheel going for two or three turns."

"I'm going to light my lantern till we get our bearings," King said, as she would have led the way into the building.

He stepped across the threshold and struck a match on the floor. As a gust of wind blew out the blaze before he could light the lantern he detected a peculiar odor which was strangely familiar to him. At the same time he struck another match. Its tiny flame flared into a broad blaze that seemed to fill the whole interior of the building. An accompanying detonation hung King against the inner wall of the mill.

This thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

COMPLICATED.

"I'm glad you like this gown. Goodness knows I had trouble enough getting it made." The somewhat florid woman glanced down at the ripples of her frill skirt. "You know how seamstresses and dressmakers will disappoint you all the time. Really, I almost lose my faith in women when I think how hard it is to get a little sewing done when I want it.

"All my skirts were so narrow that, as I said to my husband, I simply looked like a last year's stovepipe. I made up my mind to get a spring suit early, and I found the most beautiful goods for it, at a real bargain, too.

"No, this isn't it. This is something else. I knew exactly how I wished my suit made, so I thought I'd risk having Miss Cargen do it. She has sewed for me a long time—made little house dresses and lingerie things, and she charges only $2 a day. I always give her carfare one way, so that she can get to the house for nothing, but I think after sewing all day it's more wholesome for her to walk home. She needs the fresh air. As I tell my husband, I always have at heart the real good of any one who works for me.

"When I called her up and told her I was going to trust her with a street suit she didn't seem so pleased as I had expected.

"I rely on you to turn out a regular man-tailored affair, I said, and she replied dully that she would do the best she could. I tried to inspire her with enthusiasm, but when I said to her that she'd be charmed with the material when she came Monday she exclaimed: 'Why, I can't possibly go to you next Monday. That week has been engaged to Mrs. Dawes for two months.' Wasn't that annoying, when I needed my suit in such a hurry? I just told her that I thought it was very short-sighted of her not to accommodate such a good customer as I had always been, and that if I hadn't thought she would come to me any time I wanted her I never would have bought the goods. 'Can't you possibly get Mrs. Dawes to let you have you next week?' I asked. 'I should think she'd be glad to do a little favor like that.'

"I hardly like to ask her,' she answered. Then I said in a very final tone: 'Do just what you think best, Miss Cargen.' 'Well, I'll see what Mrs. Dawes will do,' she said, hastily, and I hoped that she would be able to come to me.

"But that very evening I remembered that a dressmaker, Mrs. Crinkley, had taken the apartment beneath ours. I was vexed when she moved in, because I do hate to have any sort of business going on in the house where we live. As soon as I thought of it I ran right downstairs to see what sort of person she was, and I found her a really superior dressmaker. She said she never did work for people unless they were recommended to her, but when I told her what straits I was in—how I could never please myself with a ready-made suit—she consented to make my suit, promising to begin it Monday morning. It was a great relief to know that somebody who really knew how was to make my suit, and I said to my husband that I was glad after all that Miss Cargen couldn't come.

"But, jo my horror and surprise, she did come Monday morning. She said she had just begged Mrs. Dawes to let her off, as a special favor to me. The first moment I almost told her that I had got some one else, but I was afraid that if I did she might not come to me the next time I wanted her, and I'm sure I don't know any one who can make my simple things so quickly and so well as she does. So I just carried in my storage trunk and brought out this henrietta cloth that I had bought because it was cheap several years ago and haven't had made because it hasn't been in, really.

"Why, is this for a suit?' she asked. 'It seems too soft.' I explained that I had decided not to have a suit after all and wished the henrietta made into a fetching little afternoon frock. Do you know, she actually appeared disappointed because she was not going to make a suit, when she hadn't acted as if she wanted to at all!

"Well, we had just got it planned when Mrs. Crinkley sent up for me to come down for the first fitting. I was afraid that Miss Cargen would hear my maid deliver the message that I said in a loud tone: 'Yes, I'm going to market right now,' and I put on all my outdoor wraps just to go down one flight of stairs.

"When Mrs. Crinkley saw me she said: 'Oh, if you're going downtown you can get the findings.' I had to explain that I was only going to market, and then after the fitting I went out and walked around the block, because I had ordered everything for dinner by telephone, as I always do.

"I nearly had nervous prostration that week for fear Mrs. Crinkley would find out about Miss Cargen or Miss Cargen would find out about Mrs. Crinkley. My husband said I ought to let them find it out, and he was quite annoyed when he saw my maid come in Thursday morning carrying the German silver mesh bag that he gave me a year ago. When I explained that she had been so tactful about the dressmaking mixup that I had rewarded her, he just snorted. Some situations are beyond masculine comprehension, aren't they?

"Well, both dresses were finally done, much to my relief, and I confess I was glad when Miss Cargen was out of the house, for the strain was most trying. You know I'm as frank and open as a child, and I can't bear to deceive any one. But, as bad luck would have it, the very first time I wore the suit downtown I met Miss Cargen, who was having a Saturday half-holiday. She looked at me up and down until I felt as guilty as if I had committed a crime, but I said casually that it was wonderful how easily one could be made to ready-mades nowadays.

"I don't know what I'll do if Mrs. Crinkley sees me in this costume, for I told her I was perfectly destitute, and I was, nearly, when I called her up. Dear me, how terribly complicated life is!"

* * *

The Coal Dealer's Joke.

With most of us the grim necessity of purchasing coal is no joke. Yet a Boston man found at a coal emporium in that city a chap who managed to infuse a degree of facetiousness into the transaction.

"How much is chestnut coal?" timidly inquired the prospective customer.

"That depends," said the salesman. "A la carte, it's eight dollars; cul-de-sac, it will cost you fifty cents extra."

Philipsborn's Summer Challenge Sale

Every Item Represents an Actual 40% Saving

We challenge the world to equal the bargains we are offering at this wonderful sale. This is our THIRD Annual Challenge Sale. During this sale every article is offered at *rock bottom*, competition-defying prices. Summer is our slack season. In order to keep our army of employees busy we take this method to stimulate trade. To do this we have *sacrificed profits*. We have cut prices almost in two. Such values as we now offer are *record breakers*. You can save *big money* on everything you need. *Grasp this opportunity now!* Ours is the largest Outer Garment House in the country. For over 30 years we have been building up a reputation for High Quality, the latest in Styles and Fashions, and the *lowest in prices*. Our reputation for reliable, dependable, high class goods and values in Nation-Wide. When we announce a *Record Breaker* you may depend on it that it is a *real sale*. Here we list a few *bargains*. Hundreds of similar record-breaking bargains are listed in our *Special Challenge Sale Book*. We prepay all forwarding charges. All goods shipped 3 hours after order is received.

A Sick Man.

Checks—He took his wife's death very hard. She died suddenly, you know, and the poor fellow had no chance to tell her she had made him a good wife.

Banks—How long had they been married?

Checks—Twenty years.

No Limit.

The newly rich couple went at once to New York with two friends. They wanted one of the noted cafes for lunch. All things at the moment to the husband who signed the checks.

"Look for a moment," said the wife, and chuckled.

"One menu only?" he said. "One menu for four? No, no; I'll do the thing well, now I've started it. Here, waiter, four menus—fresh ones, mind, and see that they're unwrinkled."

Easy Way Out of It.

Wife—Mother writes that she won't come to visit us unless we let her pay her board.

Hub—Then write her that she shan't pay any.

Her Choice.

"I want a drink over my dog," said the smartly dressed woman in the chinz shop.

The assistant abjectingly showed her several kinds, and at last the choice lay between two—one perfectly plain at 2 pence and the other, with the word "Dog" on it in blue letters, half a crown.

"I will take the cheaper," the customer decided, after much careful thought. "My little doggie can't read, and my husband does not drink water."

Which Would Be the Goat.

"It is true," said the lady of the high cheeks to the successful writer, "that you have used much prosperity by your writings, but you have written nothing that will live."

"Perhaps not," returned the author, "but when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I never hesitate to sacrifice my writings."

The Remedy.

"I told father I loved you more than any girl I've ever met."

"And what did father say?"

"He said to try and meet some more girls."

Mr. Bull Frog—"I say, doc, is my case serious?"

Old Doc—"Sh! Don't open your mouth or you'll croak!"

Prejudiced.

Robert was having a very successful evening with Alexander, who had been accorded a knockdown in the big game of the year, and was mentioned by the sa-gacious for All-American team. But Robert's father was not satisfied.

"I'm afraid, my son," said he, "that you are not making good use of your time at college. I hear very unsatisfactory reports about your work."

"Dear what!" exclaimed Robert. "You must have been talking to one of the professors."

Believed in Being Prepared.

Cowboy—"Give me a couple of my best six shooters, an automatic belt and two knives."

Wife—"What are you going to do tonight?"

Cowboy—"I am headed for a meeting of the local society on international peace."—Judge.

The Exception.

Sapolegh—Roberts is the biggest ass in town, but his wife is a clever woman I know—present company excepted, of course."

Miss Keen—"Yes, in both cases."

Why They Got Along.

"You and Grump seem to get along pretty well."

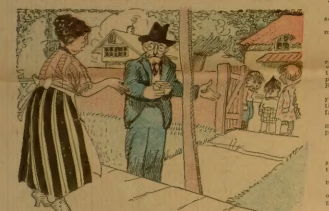
"Oh, yes, he never borrows anything but trouble, and that's all I ever have to lend."

Congratulations in Order.

At an evening party two men strangers to each other, began chatting. Presently one inquired: "A lady across the room said a beautiful woman that is over there."

"Glad you think so," replied the other, with a smile. "She's my wife."

"Then I congratulate you, old chap. It must be quite a pleasure to lose every argument to a woman like that."



Ho—"Madam, I am soliciting subscriptions for home charities. We have hundreds of ragged, dirty children like those around your gate, and——"

She—"Oh, those children are mine!"

No Longer There.

A stranded actor still haughty "bidding lady" was obliged to put up at a dilapidated country tavern. She glanced frowningly about the office, reluctantly signed the register, and took the brass key from the proprietress.

"Shall you want me in my room?" she demanded.

"Well, there was," replied the proprietress. "There was, but I had the roof fixed."

Couldn't Stand It.

Two business men, who found it necessary to visit Liverpool, debating the events of the trip afterward, one of them remarked:

"This about seasickness! Had I known that Casey was afflicted that way, we never should have gone abroad. The very first hour out Casey collapsed and refused to brace up again. I tried all sorts of remedies on him, but without avail. At last nothing would matter was.

"Oh, I'm so ill."

"Finally, I tried out:

"Can't you keep anything on your stomach?

"Only my hands, George," he groaned. "Only my hands."

GROANS.

The doctor cured my funny bone
And now I could not groan
The joke he cracked, as home I packed
Because I paid his fee.

He took a cinder from my eye;
I did not mind until
He made me wink and, in a blink,
I lost a yellow bill.

"The pressure on your chest," he said
As he made me roll up my sleeve,
"Will pass away as sore as day."
It did—but took my purse.

Something New.

A man entered a fashionable restaurant and asked for coffee. After he had finished his repast he called the waiter and said:

"Waiter, this coffee has its good points and its bad points. One of the good points is this—it has no chicory in it.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, quite gratified. Visions of a handsome tip floated before his mind's eye, and he rubbed his hands gleefully.

"But," resumed the customer, "its bad point is this—it has no coffee in it."

Bill—"Where's the second baseman?"

John—"His mother made him stay in the house and study his Sunday school lesson!"

Bill—"Gee! He'll be so savage when he gets out he'll spike every guy that slides for second!"

Jack—"That slim chap over there had $10,000,000 left him!"

Mabel—"And who is the fat man who shows him such deference?"

Jack—"Oh, that's only a chap who made $10,000,000 himself!"

The New Order.

"What has become of the candidate who used to have his photo taken beside a loaf of bread?"

"He may be a little out of date. However, no candidate has as yet ventured up the nerves to have his photo taken beside a stock ticker."

No Encouragement Necessary.

"Do you believe in encouraging boys to fight?"

"No more than in encouraging ducks to swim."

Available.

"I understand Crimson Gulch has a new sheriff in."

"Yes," replied Broncho Bob. "Coyote Joe's got the job. He's a dandy, I suppose that he ain't sheriff won't make any difference in his maker's bill."

"Yes, but they say he's a man of big standing," was to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper."

Full Speed Ahead.

He was the slowest boy on earth, and had been sacked at three places in two weeks, so his parents had appointed him to a naturalist. But even he found him slow. It took him two hours to give the canaries their seed, three to stuck a pin thru a dead butterfly, and four to pick a convolvulus. The only point about him was that he was willing.

"And what," he asked, having spent a whole afternoon mounting a blindfisher's water, "shall I do now, sir?"

The naturalist bit his fingers thru his locks.

"Well, Robert," he replied at length, "I think you might now take the tortoise out for a run."

A Very Good Reason.

During the lesson one afternoon a violent thunderstorm broke and, to lessen the fright of the children, the teacher began telling of the wonders of the electric current.

"And now, Jimmy," she asked, "why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Because," said Jimmy confidently "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more."

Elsie (at neighbor's)—"Is it true that you got a new boy?"

Newton—"Yes, dear."

Elsie—"Then won't you please let me have the old one?"

Next to Nos.

The teacher was questioning her class about grammatical "the weak of sentence and asked, "What comes next to noun?"

Little Tommy raised his hand excitedly.

"Well, Tommy, interrogated the teacher, "what comes next to noun?"

Tommy, mistaking under a cloud of previous defeat, responded: "His undershirt, ma'am."

A Reasonable Explanation.

One of the questions in the San Francisco Examiner's animal story contest, upon which children are asked to write, is: Why does a cow need two stomachs?

Said one person who evidently had much to do with the deductions of little Mark Sabey of Prattsville: for he replied:

"So when she has an ache in one of her stomachs, she can use the other one."

He Didn't Feel Well.

"How goze it, neighbor?"

"Oh, I've pain in my head, my stomach is troubling me, my heart is weak, and my nerve are in bad shape—and I don't feel well."

His Hand in His Pocket.

Hokus—Closedet claims that when charity is needed it is always the first to put his hand in his pocket.

Pokus—Yes, and it keeps it there till the dancer is over."

Nonsensitical.

A Sunday-school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now is there any little boy or girl who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Tommy Tucker scrambled to a moment, and then asked her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher, "I'm sure we'll be glad to hear it."

"If the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, said:

"Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"

Discerning.

"Daisy," reproved the teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died—you wouldn't see it again?"

"Oh, yes; I should see it in Heaven."

"No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to Heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly: "Animals do go to Heaven, for the Bible says that Heaven is a land flowing with milk and honey, and, if there are no animals, where do they get the milk?"

Long Known.

"Father," said the minister's son, "my teacher says that 'collect' and 'congregate' mean the same thing. Do they?"

"Perhaps they do, my son," said the venerable clergyman, "but you may tell your teacher that there is a vast difference between a congregation and a collection."

Careless of Her.

"Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father."

"Tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."

Unsatisfied.

"He is such a generous little fellow." she remarked to her mother when he had she mamma he teased me to go out and give them to the poor boys."

Humbled.

Mrs. Mullen did not wish to offend her new cook.

"John," she said to the manservant, "can you find out without asking the cook, whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her because she may have eaten it, and hate to make her uncomfortable. She's such a good cook."

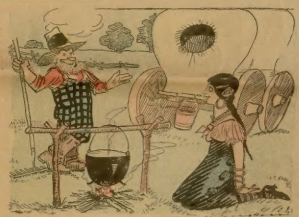
"Yes, ma'am," replied the butler. "The new cook has eaten the tinned salmon, and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her feel any more uncomfortable than she is."

In the Sere and Yellow.

"I am getting old," confessed Uncle Peabody. "Age is creeping on me. I notice the signs more and more frequently. For instance, the other day, when the circus was here——"

"You went to it?"

"Yes; I took it, but I got kind of tired of the hard seats before the big show was over and didn't stay for the concert at all."



Elsie—"Don't you gypsy people find the out-of-door life rather hard sometimes?"

Mrs. Montague—"Oh, yes! Sometimes the camera operator makes us do the same stunt five or six times before he's satisfied. This movie actin' ain't so easy as people think!"

All for Nothing.

Curious Charlie—"Do bats grow on trees, father?"

Father—"They do, my son."

Curious Charlie—"Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?"

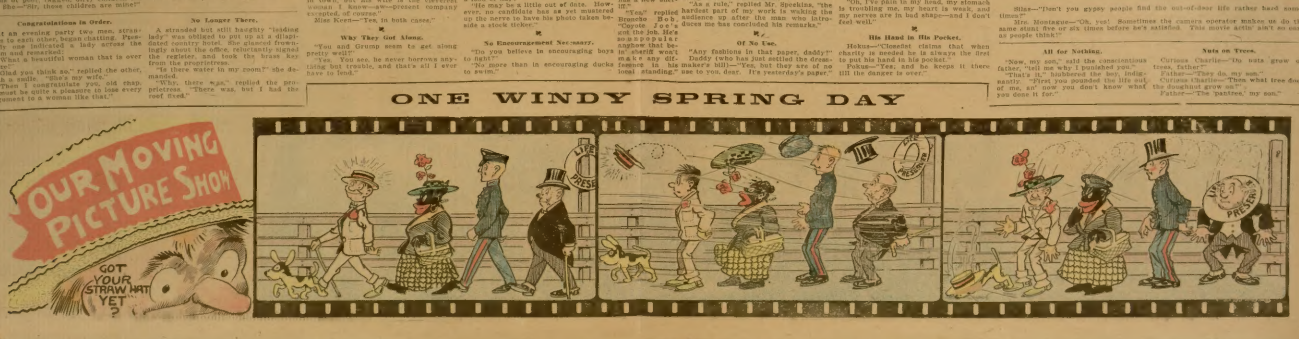
Father—"The pantree, my son."

Nuts on Trees.

"Now, my son," said the conscientious father, "tell me why I punished you."

"That's it," bubbered the boy, indignantly. "When you punished me I left out of me, so now you don't know what you done it for."

ONE WINDY SPRING DAY



The Michaux Z-Ray

Or, The Criminal Investigator

By Harry Stephen Keeler

[Illegible] 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.] Begun in No. 15, April 8. Subscription back issues with that issue or back issues can be obtained from news agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VANDERSLOAN double-crossed McCracken in their little arrangement for the opening of the Brownsville bank vault," began Jarrick. "McCracken has told the truth in that respect. Except that he had left Vandersloan would not have been carrying in his possession a black leather case, sewed with wire and sealed with a lead seal. [illegible]

"And when he left Brownsville he no doubt had the heavy black satchel in his suitcase, believing firmly that the town of Brownsville had no other knowledge but that the gold brick had been stolen the vault robbery of a year or more before. But as you have seen, he did not intend to go directly to New York, as he had stated in his resignation. What did he do instead?

"Leaving Brownsville in the morning he arrived at St. Louis along about noontime, followed by McCracken, who had also taken [illegible] Union depot. He took the first train for Chicago, and arrived in this city at about half-past 8 in the evening, still being watched by McCracken, who was now provided with a smooth face by the kindness of the train barber.

"Evidently Vandersloan had put [illegible] a Chicago Daily News from the [illegible] after the outgoing suburbs were scanned for he found an advertisement inserted by a widow who advertised a quiet room with no other roomers and no [illegible] was exactly what Vandersloan was looking for, considering what he had in his possession, and considering that he had decided to stop off in Chicago in order to transmute the time into hard cash.

"We know that he took a cab or vehicle to 213 Locust street, and that he was followed in a taxicab by McCracken, and at 213 Locust Vandersloan engaged a room from Mrs. Hunter. But he didn't quite care to give the name of Charles Vandersloan, and therefore, on account of his French appearance and his beard, he conceived the idea of representing himself as a Mr. Victor Nitchie. And since for the last few months the newspapers have been full of interviews with Edison and other scientists regarding the construction of ray machines and other fatal engines of war, he found a most convenient story to use at first, to account for the presence in his possession of a heavy, heavy, black leather case, and second, to keep the simple-minded Mrs. Hunter from prying around. You can readily see that he was a good judge of human nature.

"Now Vandersloan undoubtedly worried a little about something. What was that something? Was it Mr. Cracken? I don't know so, for he instructed Mrs. Hunter to take that black case immediately to a safety box in the event he did not show up at the house by night, and there lock it up, saying nothing to anyone. He was absolutely certain, you see, but that McCracken may have been watching him during all the months he had engaged one of the St. Louis crook friends to do it for him [illegible] I am certain that he was not worry for fear of being followed by [illegible] his secret, he felt, was between himself and McCracken.

"But now what happened? Nothing except that he hid the black case in the clothes closet of his room for the first two days. Then, since nothing occurred from Thursday night, 9 o'clock, till Saturday night at 6 o'clock I don't know. In fact, probably never at all. But we do know, however, that the black leather case never left his room. And that, of course, is very important.

"Late in the evening of Saturday, the McCracken impetuously knocked Vandersloan out and, suspecting that a package he was carrying under his coat contained the precious satchel of brick itself, he [illegible] various boxes for each of them, since Vandersloan was picked up and carried to the emergency room of the Lakeside Hospital, and McCracken, several blocks away, was struck by [illegible] riders while in the act of [illegible] ering from the shock of discovering he had played his hand too quick.

"The next steps in our research were supplied to me today by a Miss Kinney, the head night nurse at the Passavant Hospital, Chicago, [illegible] Vandersloan—for the man in Bed No. 5—managed to get out of the hospital along about 8:30 minutes to 9 o'clock this morning, and [illegible] a disturbance by hurling his metal bathbell thru the window pane. According to the time and [illegible] person who left [illegible] 213 Locust street to the Devonshire [illegible] o'clock this concerning [illegible] ute that his aunt reached Hunter was almost [illegible] Devonshire with the black [illegible] Vandersloan had drawn [illegible] the emergency ward of [illegible] Hospital. He really might have been a little more leisurely in his dressing if he [illegible]

"But he was excited. And I'll warrant he was cursing everything in the universe, for he must surely have attributed [illegible] to have been [illegible] ance [illegible] And he must [illegible] have felt that in the twenty-two-hour interim his room had been burglarized by the real Brown, that there was still a chance that the gold brick was safe. Hunter had followed his instructions about locking it up in a safety deposit vault. So he hurried home to the house empty and Mrs. Hunter [illegible]

"But about the poodle dog, Rags—" put in Billy Mc[illegible]

"I am [illegible] at point now," replied Jarrick, nodding. Vandersloan, you see, in placing that black case in the closet had placed it directly over a dark rat hole—and squarely down upon some little balls of sugar and arsenic [illegible] by the previous tenants before Mrs. Hunter moved in. But later, in transferring it to a position at the side of his bureau, one or more of these balls of poison [illegible] balls adhered to the edges of the leather. When the poodle dog wandered in the room Sunday morning while Vandersloan was still in the hospital and Mrs. Hunter was out at her cousin's on the south side, he, like any dog, began to gnaw and bark and frisk around the object made of real leather. But after a little closer inspection he found the material adhering to the edges of the case rather to his taste, being sweet. He swallowed it down, crunched around a little while longer, and then lay down and died from the cramps of arsenical poisoning.

"In examining Mrs. Hunter's home I found the rat hole and the remnants of what appeared to be [illegible] of the little dog's hind legs showed that they were drawn tightly to his body. That fact, plus the fact that one of the pantballs when subjected to the famous Marsh test for arsenic gave a positive result—clears up that side of the death triangle. Was Rag's death due to the existence of the black leather satchel, left? It would have [illegible] conflicting with the mathematics of the case.

"And so, returning to Vandersloan once more, we can assume that he reached 213 Locust street on the run-and at about a quarter after 9. He found the satchel gone from its place beside the bureau—and Mrs. Hunter gone, too. Only one conclusion must have flown to his lips. Had the house been robbed and had McCracken or McCracken's friends got the gold brick back into their possession—or had Mrs. Hunter taken alarm at not finding the bed slept in and put the gold brick in a safer vault?

"But—it was Sunday night. She could hardly have rented a safety box on such a day of rest. Besides, she was was more or less of a loquacious woman, and had previously mentioned her nephew's certain go-ness, who lived on the north side. And in addition to these facts, Vandersloan remembers hearing her make brief mention of having left a note to Vandersloan, probably explaining what means she was taking to safeguard [illegible] valuable [illegible] suggested or knew definitely that the satchel had gone temporarily into the care of Mrs. Hunter's nephe[illegible]

"At this time Vandersloan didn't know the exact location of our friend Brock. The nephew [illegible] that most important [illegible] If it had been su[illegible] e note he would have [illegible] onshire long before he did. You may rest assured of that. But he finally managed to discover [illegible] lived, since—" Jarrick fumbled about in his coat pocket for a few seconds and then withdrew a small red [illegible]

This little ad[illegible] holding [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] shire, Scott [illegible] and Lake Shore [illegible] it." I picked [illegible]

[illegible] ceiving her room for a letter or something that would give him a clew to the address he [illegible] And he found this—which proved [illegible]

Secret Power.

[illegible] his new book "The Power that Rules the World," Mr. Norman Barclay has made some startling revelations. The perplexing subjects of Human Attraction, Personal Magnetism, Will Power, Mind Control, Concentration, Memory and the Unseen Forces, have been stripped of much of the mysticism with which for ages past they have been surrounded, and a practical understandable explanation is offered. The simplicity of Mr. Barclay's method for the development of Personal Magnetism, force of character, and the art of influencing the thoughts and actions of others, makes a strong appeal not alone to the unattractive, [illegible] looking individual, but to the intelligent men and women of affairs who realize that success is governed by one's mental status. *Professor Zancig, the world's most skilful Telepathic Power, sums up the Barclay System in the following words: "It is far and away beyond anything I have heard, or to read, and I am not surprised at its wonderful note and overwhelming success."*

[illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible] stem. *It is truly wonderful what a change about Mr. John Carroll writes, would never to come to and, if it is, I do not believe it would amaze or startle me any more than I am at every [illegible] of what I think your system has caused in me. I have developed a wonderful force which I suffer those I never knew I possessed before. Within ten days after commencing to practise your System, I have [illegible] developed a personality and influence never [illegible]*

[illegible] characteristic and public-spirited [illegible] We consider it unnecessary to [illegible] extend his help and give free [illegible] any reader who cares to [illegible] ate with him. For this purpose he has published a special edition of his [illegible] booklet entitled "The Power that Rules the World," which will be sent together with an interesting series of Special Illustrated Lessons on Character-Reading absolutely free, to those who write at once. If you are discontented or dissatisfied; if you wish to increase your powers of attraction, if you are [illegible] happy, if you would like to [illegible] your present position, if there [illegible] person whose [illegible] character you [illegible] like to discover, if you want to [illegible] more powerful and more successful than [illegible] now you have an opportunity [illegible] tions for this wonderful book and the [illegible] above described should be [illegible] y a cents (stamps of your [illegible] to help defray cost of [illegible] etc. The parcel [illegible] pimin cover, post [illegible]

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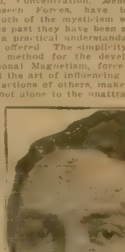

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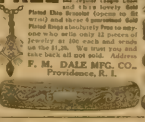
Villa *the* Mexican Bandit



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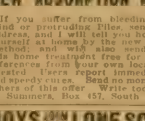

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[illegible] Agate Pennant, Mon Pass [illegible] Photoplayers. Agate Pennant, Mon Pass [illegible] Photoplayers. [illegible]

...ator to the Devonshire. He inquired at the door if that was where William McClintock lived. Mrs. McClintock, it happened, was on a Douglas Park L-train, returning from a visit to the West side, where he had attempted to get in touch with a one-time scientific instructor of his, Professor Vigelius Schweinauer. The negro girl, Lulkwah by however, informed Vanderselaan of the sudden death of Mrs. Hunter and of the fact that both McClintock at the lady's side gone. He must have been somewhat puzzled too for he took down a description of that black, rather ...absolutely harmless. And of course he had not seen the body of Mrs. since Mrs. Hunter had wrapped it in a piece of blanket and carried it out to the coal box on the back porch.

...being careful enough to ...quire only ... McClintock lived he ... and ... informed the negro girl that ... for the night. ... the ... by his description of his appearance and handed it out to him. ...

But he ... the ... Crackpot had ... the real one containing the gold ingot ... perpetual Californian, triumphantly ... his clockwork. ...

No ... that ... Vanderselaan ... McClintock ... I ... and ... the ... was downstairs telephoning Mrs. ... took the opportunity of washing on ... seven pairs ... a clean suit ... had been put in the wooden ring of ... Mrs. ... Vanderselaan ... towel ... Mrs. ...

At ... Vanderselaan ... with a heavy satchel handed him by ... point, congratulating himself that ... he made the daring attempt ... that ... McClintock ... clever duplicate ... person in the Devonshire who killed Mrs. ... in a moment or two I shall ask ... McClintock ... which individual inside ... plain why the description ... of that satch ... should have been ... possession. ... certain individual inside the Devonshire, ... for the present I ... shall make the ... that this satchel was weighted down ... with plumber's solder sticks, ... with iron. And that will account for the fact that the compass needle became diverted from the true ... and south ... Know ... the person of the ... who killed Mrs. Hunter ... the secret that ... And there ... for ...

CHAPTER XXXIV

BUT we a... not dealing ... Mrs. ... ter at ... ... We ... following ... Victor ...

... returning ... of Michinn ... assembly ... ... have proceeded ... ...

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

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... Dept. ... Chicago.

A ... Dept. ... Chicago.

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A ... Dept. ... Chicago.

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O ... Dept. ... Chicago.

OUR FLAG-BAR "PREPAREDNESS" EM... blem has taken the country by storm. ... Sells fifteen. National rubber. Absolutely ... Sells on sight. Sample 15c. Agents wanted. ... Dayton, Ohio; Camden, New York.

SUIT $8.75, PANTS, $1.90, MADE TO ... measure. We sell better cloth than this ... title and ask for free samples and styles. ... Cherbecker Tailoring Co., Dept. 614, Chi...

FAST SELLING "SANITEX" RAINCOAT ... proposition. Cooper earned $40 in 5 days. ... Price $10 to 6 days. We deliver and collect. ... 16 average. Write today. Comer ... Dayton, Ohio.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRE... A splendid ... direct to home. Write ... Madison Mills ...

$5000 ... PER 1,000 ... ALLOWED DISTRIB... ... Dept. ... Chicago.

HELP WANTED

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BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $18.00 WEEK... earning. Write ...

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DO YOU WANT A POSITION FOR LIFE, ... and some ad... ... cle Sam. My ... ills how to get ... Washington, ...

NO STRIKE. HONEST, SOBER MEN ... firemen, brakemen, ... Promotion. Expert ...

M ...

MOTORMEN—CONDUCTORS $80 MONTH... ...

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL POST OF... ... Get prepared ... ice examination now soon. ... Parsons, Rochester, N. Y.

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I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY ... at home; no canvassing; ... Richmond, Dept. 489, ...

BE A DETECTIVE; EARN $50-$100 WEEK... ... over the world. Experience un... ary. American Detective Institute, ... 115 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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... Silver ... Co., Dept. 215 W. Madison St., Chicago.

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HOW TO GO ON THE STAGE. FULL PAR... ticulars for stamp. E. D. Green, Box 215, Mason, Mich.

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WANTED EVERY FAN AND BOY INTER... ested in baseball and who would like to become a big league player to write. Joe Tinn ...

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WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ... etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 114, Hannibal, Mo.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

SAVE OLD BLADES, SHARPENED FREE. ... Send ... Address Hoosier Novelty Works, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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WANTED: DESCRIPTION, PRICE, OF GOOD farm or fruit ranch for sale ... O. G. Matson, 15 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY. ... 10 lbs can $2.65; two or more cans $2.50 each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sample 5c. Price list free. ... Farm, Trenton, Mo.

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MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH ... ... and description free. Postage ... Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE. IF NERVOUS, WEAK, RUN DOWN, ... to-day for a trial package ... telling how to get well ...

WANTED OLD TYPE OF ANY ... ...

several questions before proceeding any further with reconstructing the case so far as the individual who killed Mrs Hunter is concerned. Any man who attempts to piece together such a case as this is necessarily groping in the dark to a great extent."

He turned to McCracken

"Mr. McCracken, I am going to ask you two simple questions, each requiring but one answer—yes or no. First, did you ever in your career know a medical man named MacPherson? Second, if so, did you ever send a written communication to this MacPherson, accurately describing the black leather case that had come into your hands and asking for advice as how to secure revenge?"

The yeggman gave a short, nasty laugh. "You can ask me questions till [illegible] comes home, Perfessor, but you [illegible] a red-hot chanct of gettin' an answer. Why, say—do you think f'r a minute that with murder in this case, I'm goin' to spill my gab gratootisly? Nix [illegible] I'm lookin' out f'r Luke McCracken, an' don't forget that! I'll get me a mouthpiece on the proceeds of that gold brick, an' I'll let him do my answerin' for me."

Jarrick persisted, however. "You refuse to answer yes or no, McCracken?"

The little man gave a snarl this time. "[illegible] d—n right I refuse. If you guys [illegible] goin' to slip a noose around McCracken's neck, you've got another think comin'." He appealed to the chief. "Chief, are your bulls goin' to job me? Am I goin' to get a chance to hire me a mouthpiece? Am I?"

"Keep your mouth shut," snapped back Callahan. "You'll get all the chance for legal advice that any man can get."

"It seems, gentlemen," put in Jarrick, mildly, "that I have met a rebuff on my first two questions. No information is coming from our friend, McCracken, that's obvious. But now I'm anxious to ascertain whether a physician named MacPherson ever practiced in the town of Brownsville—or even Maryland, Missouri, some miles to the south." He turned to Stillwell. "Can you enlighten me on that point, Mr. Stillwell, since you're a resident of Brownsville?"

Stillwell, however, shook his head [illegible]. "Unfortunately I can't," he re[illegible]. "Previous to my father's death at Brownsville I spent most of my time in [illegible] larger cities. But since taking up his residence and his position at the bank, I can assure you absolutely that the town of Brownsville has had no practicing [illegible] an who went under the name of MacPherson."

"I see," said Jarrick, knitting his brows. He thought on the matter for several moments. "Well, I shall have to allow these points to stand as they are. In the absence of any definite settlement of them, I am not sure—not absolutely sure of my deductions. But I will grope ahead the best I can.

"Some one, chief," he continued, "killed Mrs. Hunter. And since his identity has not yet been dragged into our calculations I believe I have the right to treat the whole matter as a problem in algebra and refer to that person as X. Any objections?"

He looked about the room. Seeing only attention written in every face, he went on.

"Did X kill Mrs Hunter because he desired to capture this machine for pro[illegible] during the [illegible] ward suspicion—or even definite, ins[illegible] information—that Michaux or Vandersloan was carrying in his possession a black leather case containing a $10,000 gold ingot? How, you will surely ask, could he have been able to construct an exact duplicate, of the same size, color, material, weight, sewed with wire and sealed with a lead seal?" He pointed his finger at McCracken. "There are a number of ways, but you will grant that he could have copied McCracken's [illegible] been intimate with him. For [illegible] McCracken have the most clever duplicate which Vandersloan had exchanged for the original satchel? I think you will [illegible] this point.

"Very well. How did X know that Vandersloan was leaving [illegible] Missouri, and how did he [illegible] mate location the latter took under the name of Victor Michaux at [illegible] street, Chicago? Now these ques[illegible] not absolutely vital. I don't [illegible] one to gain the impression that [illegible] hinges upon such a matter as [illegible] got the information that Vandersloan [illegible] left Brownsville, or how X [illegible] track of Vandersloan's Chicago lodgings. As to the first—remember that McCracken knew the date of Vandersloan's departure long before Vandersloan left Brownsville. Did McCracken unwittingly spill the information in a letter to some one? We shan't ask him, howe[illegible] he'd refuse to answer. As to the second detail—I was rather successful to a limited extent in unearthing it."

Jarrick drew out a pack[illegible] three crumpled yellow sheets of paper, evidently telegrams, which he smoothed out on his knee.

"If Vandersloan left Brownsville on the northbound train, it's a certainty that he would have to travel to St Louis before he could alter his plans. For St. Louis is the first railroad center—the first division point north of Brownsville. So anybody wishing to have him shadowed would have arranged to have it done from St Louis on. Acting on this theory, chief, I took the liberty of dispatching five explicit telegrams to five certain private detective agencies of St Louis, using the code form of the Chicago detective bureau. And believing that the work, if it had been done, had been contracted for with one of the smaller, less-known agencies, I reserved the Wm. J. Burns Agency, the Thiel, the Pinkerton, the International Secret Service and Furlong's for a second possible trial.

"The agencies which I did telegraph to, however, comprised Chamberlain's, the Desmond, the Nance, the Matthew Kiely and the Single-Eye. The Matthew Kiely Agency and Desmond's Agency, tho, ignored my query entirely, not even giving me the courtesy of a reply. Chamberlain's Agency replied to the telegraph office before the fifth telegram had been dispatched. In their reply they stated that they could not ethically give out any points, even to the police department of such a large city as Chicago, since they were a private agency only. The Nance Agency replied briefly that they had done no shadowing of such an individual as I had described, within the past thirty days. But from the Single-Eye Agency I got a very copious flow of light on the matter. As luck would have it, my old friend, Danny Shane, with whom I got acquainted in the Crerar Technical Library some few years ago, is head of the Single-Eye. And Danny telegraphed back a condensation of the following facts:

"They had shadowed a man, of the description I had given, all the way from St Louis to a Chicago address on the north side, for a client whose identity was more or less shrouded in mystery. And the reason for the mystery was this: The commission for the work, the fee, plus the approximate expenses of an operative, and all the data were sent in a typewritten letter, with instructions that the result of the shadowing should be mailed in a plain envelope to 'John V. K. R. Brown,' care of the general delivery window of the Chicago postoffice. The individual, you see, who desired to know Vandersloan's destination didn't care to have his identity dragged into the limelight. In other words, chief, X was a skillful—a mighty skillful—general as well as murderer."

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" shot back Callahan. "Why didn't you telegraph back to Danny and find out the date, city, and substation that the letter was mailed from with instructions and data for the Single-Eye?"

Jarrick smiled broadly. "Didn't I just [illegible] that X was a skillful gentleman? [illegible] ultimate matters should take a serious turn, was he going to leave a clew to his identity anywhere? Not for an instant. The top leaf of the envelope had been [illegible]iled or paraffined, Danny informed me. And the natural result was that the cancellation machine in the postoffice left no postmark!"

"Clever is right," returned Callahan. "I'll take off my hat to your friend X, Jarrick. And I'll humor you by referring to him as X rather than by ——"

Again Jarrick raised his hand. "Now, assuming that the operative who shadowed Vandersloan had telegraphed back to the Single-Eye Agency by 10 o'clock of last Thursday night, and assuming that the agency made out its report and mailed it to 'John V. K. R. Brown' before midnight, the letter [illegible] have reached the Chicago postoffice by 8 o'clock Friday morning. But there is no way of know-

[illegible]

[illegible] et, the address which the Single-Eye Agency had given him in ex[illegible]

[illegible] X [illegible] Vandersloan [illegible]

[illegible] a pair of old shoes for his trouble. And both he and Vandersloan landed in different hospitals that same night. But X, posted very likely in a room further [illegible] the street, and perhaps provided with field glasses, was of a cooler disposition, I imagine. He was able to [illegible] himself together until Sunday [illegible] when he saw a middle-aged woman step from 215 Locust street into the luminance of the arc light in front of the house, lugging the black satchel openly in her hand.

"So he jerked up his clever duplicate case and started out to follow [illegible] before she could reach her dest[illegible]

"Now, McCracken [illegible] he, too, started out [illegible] But in his own story he told us that Mrs. Hunter was joined by two young men friends of hers who accompanied her clear to Scott street and North State. If McCracken could not attempt any funny business on account of that unconscious bodyguard of hers, how could X?

"And right here let us pause to discuss an interesting problem in detective psychology. Why is it, chief, that when two individuals are shadowing a third, the peculiar tension that they are under almost invariably prevents them from being aware of each other's presence on the job?"

"I hate to dignify such a thing as that by the name of psychology," grunted Callahan. "You're too theoretical, Jarrick. [illegible] on the same thing, they haven't got room to concentrate on anything else."

"Probably I am too theoretical," Jarrick rejoined. "But whatever the reason is, psychology, nature, or darkness, X never noticed McCracken following Mrs. Hunter, and you can see from McCracken's story that he [illegible] this instant that some one [illegible] the trail. X [illegible]

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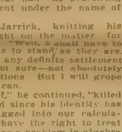

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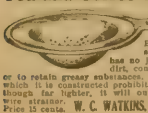

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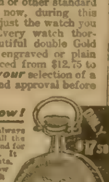

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Hard hitters are usually poor quitters.

[illegible] is a coun-

[illegible] best blushing

[illegible] rows only in his sleep.

You never hear a dressmaker say that [illegible] cannot lie.

[illegible] gives the undertaker more business [illegible] work does.

[illegible] may be the stronger, but woman's [illegible] is more facile.

We all talk too much—because there is so much to talk about.

[illegible] That's stretch the truth too far at the [illegible] sees on

[illegible] ways

The man who hands out free advice to others always goes elsewhere for his own.

When a man says a bright thing he nearly always forgets the quotation.

The mind cure may be all right—but our patient must have a mind of his own to start with.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

[illegible] fully fitted backs.

Fancy coats are usually made of silk.

It looks as the ornamental hatpins would soon be in favor.

Satin pipings make a quaint trimming for the dress of georgette crepe.

No vest of all combs is the Spanish comb, fan-shaped, that fits into the high [illegible]

a fringe [illegible] color note so often needed to accompany a gown, without rivaling the costume for notice.

[illegible] set wear, the one [illegible] fashionable and smart, [illegible] vn are an unusually large number [illegible] of serge or gabardine, others of silk, [illegible] ment of messaline taffeta or [illegible] silk attractively [illegible]

For the sheer gown generally the sash serves as passport into this season's mode—a heavy white ribbon edged with black is an effective finish to a white embroidered muslin. Occasionally a little long-sleeved, jacket-like waist in colored silk with a tiny peplum overlapping the hips shows its right to accompany the white organdy skirt, held in by the bands of silk or matching ribbon that encircle the hem.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Embroidery hoops [illegible] quite an important part in mending nowadays. If a blouse has worn, place a patch underneath and place the part to be mended in a pair of small embroidery hoops. Then neatly d rn the blouses to the patch. The hoop w hold the work taut and it will [illegible] ant a much neater appearance when [illegible] shed than if the work were stretched over the knees.

"Handsome is as handsome does," so for the homely, the much used, whiskbroom, a fitting resting-place should surely be found. A lovely case for one is made of cretonne with scalloped edges, initialed and finished in style. The stiff back is merely of pasteboard whose cretonne covering is fastened with small gold-headed tacks. The whole is topped with a dainty ribbon hanger which prepares it in all essence for its continued place in milady's boudoir.

RECIPES.

ASPARAGUS MARIA—Cut into pieces [illegible] n of asparagus and put in a saucepan [illegible] boiling water to blanch for about [illegible] minutes. Remove, drain and put into another saucepan with a small quantity [illegible] arm water, butter, sugar and [illegible] son. Set the pan on side of the fire and simmer gently for half an [illegible] take out the onion, add a thick [illegible] ning of egg and cream, stir it well and [illegible] rn the whole on a hot dish and serve.

MIXED VEGETABLES WITH MEAT—[illegible] ut mutton or lamb, one pound; eggplant, one pound; green beans, half a pound; onions, two; one bunch of parsley, half a bunch of mint; five or six [illegible] tins of celery; tomatoes, two or four [illegible] per. Clean all the vegetables properly [illegible] or deep earthenware vessel and, after seasoning with salt and red pepper, place in a moderate oven till well done. It is not necessary to use broth or water with this dish, as the ingredients themselves will discharge sufficient to cook it.

EGG PLANT—Take [illegible] plant, or over [illegible] and [illegible] if you like.

HEALTH NOTES.

[illegible] may be relieved by the use of cotton "doughnuts" covered with cloth. Use ordinary cotton, forming it like a doughnut, and tie [illegible]

To remove wrinkles under the eyes make a soft pad of two or three layers of old linen soaked in white of egg and alcohol (equal parts), lay it under the eyes and let it remain on overnight. Repeat [illegible]

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Tea leaves moistened with vinegar remove the discoloration in glass caused by flowers.

To remove mud from clothes scrape with the edge of a penny. This will not destroy the nap of the cloth as will a sharp knife.

If your wash boiler should rust make [illegible] cover paste [illegible] pieces, [illegible] is a splendid wa[illegible] clothes from getting spots of [illegible] on them.

After cooking onions, cabbage or fish try this plan. Wash and dry the pan, then place a piece of thick brown paper on the stove, set fire to it and turn the saucepan over the blaze; after a few minutes remove it and the odor will not be noticed.

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On the Big Drive

Or, Glen Dayton's Fortune

By Milford Merrill

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Begun in No. 22, May 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.

THE music halted. Dancing feet were stilled as two men came to the center of the floor in a battle for the mastery. Blink Wade had enough liquor to give him courage without weakening his muscular vigor. He got in one blow that staggered the handsome stranger.

Glen thought it time for him to interfere when he saw a knife flash and glide toward the two men. Eph Eckles was Wade's friend and boon companion. He had the reputation of being a bully. His arms were like flails, his muscles strong as whipcord.

"Stop!" commanded the boy lumberman. "They are equally matched; let them fight it out."

Eckles turned upon the speaker, his brows contracted into a frown. He had once been in the employ of Glen when the latter was cruising timber for Andrew Jackson Dedham of Old Woman's Bend. A smile suddenly touched the face of the would-be bully.

"Gosh! You here, Glen Dayton?" exclaimed the man. "Who'd 'a' thought it?"

He fell back, and with others formed a circle about the two combatants. It was a handsome fight.

The man with the black mustache was standing with a handkerchief to his eyes that flashed now with the spirit of war. Wade had flung aside his coat, but the other declined to follow suit. There was an eager hush in the room as the two men faced each other in the ring.

"Give it to him, Blink!"

"Knock the scoundrel out, boy!"

Blink old scout!"

And not a word for the other man. The sympathies of the crowd were decidedly with the Cairn. Glen realized that this was because the other was a stranger to the woods, a man of gentlemanly bearing, and dressed in city clothes. Prejudice goes a long way among the wilderness citizenry. Glen realized this, and he longed to be of service should the stranger get the worst of the battle.

The girls had flocked into the next apartment, completely vanishing from the ballroom.

"I'd like to poke the sucker one!" hissed Eckles, shaking his shaggy mop of hair. But the hand of Glen warned him to stand back and look on.

"It's a fair shakeup," whispered Glen. "Keep out of it."

"Now, then, you gal man, I'm comin' for ye!" bawled Wade, smiting his clinched hands together.

The face of the stranger was pale, yet evinced no fear. He said nothing, altho a gleam of tight-shut teeth proclaimed his determination. His long, slender arms seemed girlish with the small white hands like the manicured digits of a lady of fashion.

Glen noted the disparity of size and muscle and feared the result. If his wide friend Jack Adams had only been with them there would have been no cause to worry about. Jack was a perfect whirlwind in a bout with bare knuckles.

"Wade, you'll get hurt!"

"Now, watch out!" snarled Wade. "This time I'll spoil that slim nose——"

He got no further. A blow struck the insolent ruffian between the eyes and he went down like a log, stretching his full length upon the hard floor. Over him stood the stranger, a peculiar, flickering smile parting his lips.

"Brass knuckles!" shouted a voice. "He's killed Blink!"

"Serve the pup from Chicago the same. Kill the cur!"

Glen saw that it was time to interfere. He at once ranged himself beside the man from Chicago. The boy's face was slightly pale, since he knew that he was up against a most disturbing proposition. He thought of Miss Weatherby, on whose account this fight had taken place.

"Keep quiet, men," called Glen, waving his hand. "I saw the whole thing, and I want to tell you right now that this man here is in the right. Blink Wade insulted his girl. Any one of you would resent that. Now, cool down and go on with the dance."

A strange hush fell upon the assembled woodsmen. Glen was known to some of them, and it was evident that his words had a certain effect.

"The boy is right," called a stern voice. "Blink got what was coming to him all right." And the speaker ranged alongside Glen and the stranger.

"Durn it, he'd no business to use brass knuckles!"

"Gentlemen, you are mistaken," spoke the stranger with a gentle smile. "I have no such weapons about me. I knocked the man down with my bare hand. He insulted Miss Weatherby; I could do no less and call myself a man."

A reaction seemed setting in. Eckles dragged Wade aside, propping him against the wall. He soon came to himself enough to groan, and soon after was carried from the room.

Glen and his two companions stood at guard, grimly awaiting the outcome. There were many angry glances cast toward them, but no one seemed anxious to continue the battle Blink Wade had begun.

"I trust we shall not be further molested," said the slender stranger.

One slender white hand stroked his mustache, a smile lighting up his handsome dark face. He had proved his mettle, and there was no further disturbance.

Glen had a few words with Eckles, who chucklingly informed the woodsman who had come to the rescue of Glen. "My name is Sam Grimshaw. Who may you be?"

The speaker thrust out a hairy hand. The stranger took it in a friendly way, replying:

"You may call me Rexford."

"What from?"

"Oxbow, of late; home, Chicago," smiled the other.

To me was not unfamiliar to Glen. He had heard Myra speak of one Garlow Rexford, a wealthy lumber baron of the Windy City. He had supposed him to be a middle-aged business man. But here he stood, possibly not over two and thirty years of age, and really handsome.

Rexford shook Glen's hand also, giving the boy to understand that he appreciated his help when trouble threatened.

"I saw that you were clearly in the right," explained our boy hero. "And I know the young woman you defended."

"You know Miss Weatherby?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Are you from Oxbow, sir?"

"That city is my home," admitted Glen, who noted the queer, half-surprised expression on the face of his companion.

"By George, I'll bet you are Glen Dayton," exclaimed the man, abruptly taking the hand of the young log-driver.

"You won't have to guess again," laughed the boy.

"Well, bless my soul, what a strange combination of circumstances," cried the Chicagoan. "I've been wanting to meet you. Miss Weatherby has sounded your praises, and I'd like to meet these smart lumberwoods youngsters who are the making of men in such. men who will some day be leaders in public life. Come, let us go to the young woman herself. She'll be delighted to see you."

And the man spoke the truth in his reference to Myra. Moreover, he showed appreciation of Glen's friendly interposition to save her father's friend from a beating.

"The whole affair was positively shocking," she said.

Glen admitted that it was.

"I am surprised to see you here, Myra," said the boy.

"I don't wonder that you are," returned the girl. "It is no fit place for people who respect themselves."

"Which reflects on me, I suppose," smilingly suggested the boy log-driver.

"Well, no, I did not refer to you," quickly apologized the girl. "I meant it was no place for respectable young women. This is a perfectly horrid place. Crook Tavern it is called, and well named at that. No doubt there are a lot of crooks among its patrons."

"Again referring to me, eh?"

"You know better, Glen," and the girl's blue eyes met his shyly. "Don't you ask me how I came to be here, so far from home?"

"No use. I thought it might be your honeymoon trip," Glen replied, casting a side glance at the handsome Rexford, who was leaning against the door jamb not far away, intent on watching the dancers, who had formed on the floor for another set.

"Hateful!" snapped pretty Myra, blushing.

Glen thought she had never looked so pretty. Of course he had suggested an improbability, since had there been a wedding at the home of the Oxbow king he would have heard something about it.

"I can think of nothing less important to fetch you into the wilds at such an inhospitable season of the year," ventured the boy.

"We were at Wenago, mamma and I, when Mr. Rexford happened in town. He told us some wonderful tales about this North country, and offered to drive us up here in his new carriage, attached to which is the fastest span of four-year-olds this side the big lake. Mamma and Mr. Rexford are old friends; his mother and she were schoolmates over in Illinois. He owns immense tracts of pine land hereabouts. He's rich as Julius Caesar, and mamma said we'd be delighted to go."

"Yes. And your mother?"

"Oh, mamma became seasick ten miles back and had to stop for rest. Garlow drove on, and we'll come here out of respect for some old friends of his."

The girl's explanation of her presence at the backwoods tavern dance seemed satisfactory, and Glen asked no awkward questions.

The descendant of the Chicago millionaire, for such Myra represented him to be, had been of the best. His pluck was worthy of admiration, and our boy hero admired him accordingly.

The dance continued thru the night, with no further disturbance worthy of note. Glen saw the carriage of Garlow Rexford at the door o'clock; he saw man and girl drive away, then betook himself to a small hedchamber under the eaves and, at 4 o'clock, he was soon fell into a sound and dreamless slumber.

Glen found Black Jim fully recovered when morning dawned. Paying his bill, the boy set out to continue on up the river immediately after breakfast. He saw nothing of Eph Eckles, but the sinister Blink Wade sat in the tavern barroom, leaning his head against the back of his chair in a drunken slumber.

The next point on the river was the Forks, a point where rivers joined their waters, the smaller stream named Little Muskalong. Here were several rollways yet unbroken.

Glen found several men at the Forks ready and anxious to join the Big Drive, which promised the season's work for all at good wages. The best men were paid from three to five dollars a day, which was considered large pay at that time.

Captain Hectare, the man who had taken the further drive, logs the previous year, lived at the Forks, and Glen called at his house, wishing to consult with the veteran as to technicalities connected with the work. The captain was not at home, but Rube, his son, was in evidence, coming from a stable at the rear, leading a bulldog by a chain. A chunky, sullen-faced boy of fifteen was the driver's son. He seemed pleased to meet Glen, of whom he had heard his father speak.

"I'm sorry dad ain't here," greeted Rube, when he learned who the visitor was. "He won't be back before night. Will you come in and wait?"

"Oh, no," said Glen. "Can't spend the time. I'll see him later."

"Hold on, pard," called Rube, as Glen was about to ride away. "Mebbe I can tell ye what you want to know. I was with dad on the drive last year, me'n Brutus here. We know all about driving sawlogs, eh, Brutus?"

CHAPTER IV.

GLEN was amused at the assumption of dignity put on by this chubby lad scarcely out of knickerbockers.

"I would much rather see your father, the captain," said he.

"He's no great to look at," grinned Master Rube. "You can't tell me nothing about driving logs, eh?"

"You might, only you seem too young to have had much experience."

"Experience!" almost howled the chubby Rube. "Goodness me, as mam my's dead father, perhaps you'll like that! D'ye know who yer talkin' to, sir?"

Drawing himself up to the full height of his four feet six, Master Rube Hectare swelled out like a pouter pigeon, thumping his breast with one fat fist. Glen turned to go.

"Wait. Don't go off mad, Glen Dayton. I know all about you, but, tho you're an experienced woodsman, there are others," and he laughed good-humoredly. "I was born in a log cabin, cradled in a sap trough, guzzled blackberry wine in place of milk, and landed in a logging shanty at 6; been in one, and on the drive ever since, and I'm now almost 15. How's that for high?"

"Very good," smiled Glen.

"Then you'll take me?"

"What?"

"I said no," repeated the young log-driver, "I am looking for men, not babes. You'll have to keep at your wine milk a while longer——"

"See here," broke in the chubby boy, with a fierce gesture of his short left arm, the right being in use to hold the bulldog, "I'm of more consequence than you think I am. I worked all last year, up to September, on one of the big river flouts. I waited on the cook, carried water to the men, and, by hokey, wielded a pick and peavy when hands were scarce. Now, Glen——"

"No use to talk," and the young driver turned away.

"Stuck on himself!" sneered Rube.

The chubby boy regarded the retreating form of Glen with bitter contempt. He rattled Brutus' chain nervously.

"If I let you slip his leg, sir, I reckon 'twould take some of the conceit outen him. Think so, Brute?"

The speaker wound the loose end of the chain quickly about the bulldog's neck. "Now go, Brute!"

The dog cast a wistful look out of his red eyes up at his master.

"Yes, Brute, take him!" ordered Rube.

Glen turned when he heard a scamper of feet, the rattle of a dragging chain which Brutus had unloosed as he darted across the frosty sod in pursuit of Captain Hectare's caller.

"Get out, you brute!" as the bulldog made a dab at the legs of our boy hero. A sharp kick in the side sent the animal ki-yi-ing against a stump. The kick, however, served to anger the bulldog, and Glen found his hands full looking after his own safety. He got quickly about, saw a pile of wagon spokes lying near, one of which he caught and used to good effect, felling the zealous bulldog quivering beside the path.

"You've killed my dog!"

Rube Hectare came running.

Glen was thoroly angry by this time, his face flushed, his heart beating unwontedly fast. He knew that the vicious boy had set the dog on, and the thought of what might have happened shook him with indignation. He stood clinching his weapon, eying the quivering dog with complete satisfaction.

"What d'ye mean, killing my dog?" snarled Rube. "My dad'll fix you for this, and fix you good and plenty. You oughter be in jail; you'll go there too, see if you don't, you ugly whelp!"

"Now hush up that sort of talk!" flung out Glen, not yet over his wrath at the brutal attack of the dog on his defenseless tramp. "You ought to be thankful that I have not served you as I did your dog."

"I wish dad was here, he'd fix you, he would."

Glen stood debating. This boy was an arrant young ruffian, even tho his father was one of the prominent business men on the Big Drive. A few blows from the bulldog proved that the blow which laid him low had not been a fatal one. Glen was almost sorry he had hit the dog with the club, as if meditating a finishing stroke.

"Don't you touch him ag'in!" snarled Rube threateningly.

"As for that, it depends on how you behave hereafter," said Glen, very calmly, considering the provocation to harsh language. "Your father may be a nice man, but he seems to be raising a very disreputable cub of a son."

"I've a notion to smash you one!"

Rube, fiery as a young wildcat, advanced with hands clinched. Glen brushed

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him aside with a contemptuous movement and hurried away. He paused when well down the road to look back. He saw the chubby Master Hectare kneeling on the ground, caressing the injured bulldog.

For one instant a feeling of pity touched our Glen; the next he strode on, thrusting all sensitive feeling out of his heart. Certainly he had taught the ugly bulldog right, and as for Master Rube, perhaps he had taught him a lesson he might not soon forget.

As Glen had heard it Captain Hectare had made a failure of the Big Drive the previous season. He had had it that from a prosperous jobber the captain had become almost destitute, which argued that the driving of the logs down the big driving business. The outcome, whether profitable or otherwise, depended, he firmly believed, on the man who was at the head of operations. At any rate it was not for or break by the captain, and he had faith that it would be the former.

Glen engaged men at the Forks, as he had done at other points along the river, requesting them to be on hand at a certain near date to commence work on Muskalong. In early spring the melting snow and copious rains usually swelled the tide of waters to bridge above its banks. At first one would argue that this would be an excellent condition for the profit of the driving crew. This, however, was not always the case, since during the high water numerous logs were forced out of the main channel onto the low ground, among the growing timber, and here many of them remained when the flood subsided.

It was this factor that sometimes enhanced very largely the expense of driving. Every log was marked with each millowner would know if any of his output was left in the woods. Teams had to be hired to go through the woods, tote the logs to the river, and sometimes this proved an arduous and expensive task. Glen had figured on all this, allowing what he believed to be sufficient allowance for the extra expense of sacking the logs from the lowlands.

He pushed on up the river, halting at various settlements as he proceeded. He experienced some trouble in finding men willing to go on the river in the service of a mere boy. They seemed to distrust his ability to successfully navigate the perilous campaign. Men of the best caliber sometimes failed.

The question of wages was always uppermost in the minds of the woodsmen. The Drive offered inducements of very high rates of payment that usually won men in plenty to the disagreeable work of sacking and driving logs.

The early springtime was usually most disagreeable. Men oftimes were compelled to work in the water waist-deep, and since the ice had so recently gone this water was almost ice cold. Many cases of severe illness resulted, all of which Glen had to contend against in his initial attempt to make a stake out of log-driving.

The upper waters of the Muskalong were less glutted with logs than farther down the stream. Lake Lanier Glen set men at work building flonts which were destined to bear the shanties in which the drivers and sackers of logs eat when not at work.

These were the cook's float, the one containing the sleeping bunks, and the long dining hall. Ox teams were used in getting the timber together for the building of these immense habitations.

Three weeks elapsed from the time Glen Dayton left Oxbow on his expedition up the river with men, John A. Beaver Wenago on his return to the mouth. He had set the ball rolling, and meant to start driving operations at the earliest possible moment.

At Wenago he halted for a day or two, this being the head of navigation on the Muskalong, and the highest point at which lumber was manufactured and floated down the stream. John A. Beaver owned the principal mill, and was in truth the big man of the town.

When Glen called at the postoffice he found several letters awaiting his perusal. They were all business letters save one—this from the sweetest girl at Oxbow, his long-time chum, friend and schoolmate in the early schooldays in the backwoods, Miss Letty Walden.

"Dear Glen," she wrote, "I am very anxious lest you fail to remember that June 10th is the great day, the day of all days, when this young lady begins life in the world, when she is free from the trammels of school exactions as practiced at Oxbow Academy. I haven't seen Jarred since you left, but he promised to be there to toss flowers at the feet of the conquerors, but he is so fickle there is no telling. I imagine this will reach you at Wenago. If it does I hope you won't forget the date."

There was more to the letter, but the main point was to remind the young logdriver that his best girl friend was to graduate from the Oxbow Academy early in June, and that she would expect him to be on hand to lead in the applause.

The boy heart warmed toward the writer. Letty and he had always been the best of chums. He had been her favorite friend all through their primary school days, and nothing he could do to make her graduating day a success would be leave undone. Of course he should not forget, altho by that date in June he would be many miles distant, with a hundred miles in the wilderness unless he made it a point to take a vacation at Letty's time.

"Letty, bless her heart," laughed Glen, as he read her letter for the second time. "She's a dear girl, and I know there'd be a lot less heartache in the world."

Here the boy was right. Letty Walden was a bright, sensible young girl. She gave her parents no cause to blush for her, but rather to feel pride above its banks. At first one would argue that this would be an excellent condition for the profit of the driving crew. This, however, was not always the case, since during the high water numerous logs were forced out of the main channel onto the low ground, among the growing timber, and here many of them remained when the flood subsided.

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Glen, whose anxiety for the safety of Mrs. Trescott deepened.

"Mrs. Trescott was disturbed all night at seeing the unhappy face at her back window," purlined the man, seeming anxious to give his young friend all possible information regarding the destruction of the cottage.

There were valuable papers in the house which he could ill afford to lose. Some of these were notes and deeds, and last, but not least, the contract signed by Shadd Hetherby regarding Glen's connection with the Big Drive. Of course it would be easy enough to make out another, yet it would be annoying, and Glen disliked troubling the lumber king unnecessarily.

"Who is the man that troubled my aunt?" he pointedly questioned.

"Nobody knows," answered Simonds. "A long-whiskered, tough-looking fellow, who's been seen lolling about this part of town for some time. He seemed especially interested in sneaking about your premises."

Glen thought at once of the hermit of Yellow swamp.

On an occasion some time before, a year or more, Glen had rescued an old man from an island in the river, a hermit who lived there by himself, and had been inundated by a spring freshet. The man was nearly dead from starvation and exposure, and seemed grateful for Glen's services. Some time later the hermit, who seemed to have plenty of money, loaned some of this to the boy when the accommodation was appreciated. Subsequently, during a considerable sum of the hermit's money in bank, where Glen had deposited it until such time as he should return it with interest to its rightful owner.

Simonds' description of the hanger-on whom people suspected of haunting the Trescott dwelling tallied closely with that of the hermit, Simon Hethridge, whom the boy driver had once upon a time befriended.

"Did you learn the stranger man's name, Mr. Simonds?" asked Glen.

"No. Reckon he is a disreputable tough from up on the openings. They's a lot of hoss-stealing-gentry up you, you know, boy," answered Simonds.

Altho Glen realized that the man spoke the truth regarding the inhabitants of the back openings, at least as far as Oxbow, he did not connect the queer old hermit with any of them. If, by any chance, the person who set fire to the cottage, he was laboring under a spell of insanity.

There was nothing further to be gained by questioning Simonds. Glen rode up town, stabled Black Jim, and set out at once for the home of Mrs. Waldeen. Mrs. Walden met him at the door, a pretty girl of fifteen or 16, and one of the best friends Glen Dayton ever had.

"Is Aunt Eunice here?" was the first question the lad put to the face full of boyish sympathy and coherness.

"Why, no, Glen," returned the woman. "I haven't seen your aunt for some time since you went North. Isn't she at home?"

"No, with a hard laugh. "Haven't you heard, Mrs. Walden?"

"Heard what?"

"Our house was burned over a week ago."

"House burned? Mercy, me, how awful! And I never heard a word about it! Where did your aunt go? I hope she wasn't hurt in anything?"

"I don't think she suffered any injury," evenly answered the boy, trying to hide himself to meet the latest calamity with calmness. "I was absent at the time of the fire. I am now looking for my aunt. I thought perhaps she had been here."

"No, she hasn't. Queer, too, that she didn't come here when she was burned out of a home. And you say it happened a week ago? Seems strange Letty didn't hear of it, even if I did not. I'll have time to read Letty's letter very much. And so you haven't located Eunice since you got back?"

"That's what I am trying to do now."

Glen bit his lip. His gaze went beyond the woman in search of Walden, as he did not see him in the room, and in answer to his unspoken question, said:

"Letty is at school. You won't go without seeing her?"

"My time will be taken up while here in looking after my affairs. Of course, the mine is somewhere in the city, but I am quite at a loss to locate her. To think a whole year has passed since she was driven from home! Since I was in the North woods, she had no way of communicating with me. I can't guess a little strange that she did not leave word with one of the neighbors telling me where to find her."

It seemed strange to Mrs. Walden as well, and the little woman sympathized fully with the boy driver.

"I wish you would come in and wait. Perhaps Letty may know something."

"Not very likely," said Glen. "She would have learned it to you had she known anything about the fire."

Of course this was true.

Glen was anxious to get into the woods, since the spring days were warming up rapidly. He expected a considerable gang of drivers to gather at Wenago and await his coming to lead them to the driving grounds. He could ill spare the time, yet he must find his foster-mother before quitting Oxbow.

As he was turning away a voice pronounced his name. An instant later the resonant echoes of a dinner horn rang along the shaded street. A stout, wide boy turned a cartwheel into the grounds, up to the front steps of the Walden house, coming up standing with a yard of Glen's position. The young lordriver uttered a glad, surprised cry.

"Jack Adams, by all that is sacred!" he exclaimed, seizing the hand of the stout youth, who still held a big oxhorn in one hand, his round blue eyes dancing with a merry light.

"Surprised you, eh, Glen?" chuckled the youth. "Good day, Mrs. Walden. How's Letty?"

"Quite well, thank you, Master Adams," returned the woman, her own face suffused with the smiles of welcome. "Our friend Glen is in a peck of trouble, and you have come in the nick of time to help him out. You are as welcome as a basket of peaches."

"Glad to hear it. What's hurting you, Glen? You look as if you your best girl had given you the mitten."

Jack thrust his horn from sight behind the skirt of his coat tail and puffed out his fat cheeks in a prodigious whistle.

There was something rejuvenating in the very presence of the newcomer. Glen held him tight, regarding his broad features and bright, laughing blue eyes with a beaming hopefulness that was contagious. Mrs. Walden laughed, while Glen actually grinned like his old self.

"The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

The Michaux Z-Ray.

(Continued From Page 15.)

on a different side of the street, and one at the corner of Third Street.

"At any rate, Mrs. Hunter eluded her badowers by disappearing in the entrance of a cigar store. Then a tall, short while McCracken took up a position in front of the uncompleted building across the way, and therefore chafing under the delay that was keeping him from proceeding further, and the figure move on down toward the lake. So he himself walked cautiously down and took up his own position in front of all those bricks, timber, and mortar.

"In view of the two following facts he was not aware of the body of McCracken going up the fire-escape, rung by rung, dragging his satchel with him. First, all his attention was riveted on the lighted room and its occupants; and second, Scott street is at present without street lights, on account of the changing from the old gas lamps to the official frosted-globe electric lamps that are now in use in every section of the city.

"What plans, I wonder, were running thru Mr. Hunter's head at this time? Was he, too, puzzling as to what had become of Vanderloan? As to who had had him? As to why he had brought the satchel to this place? Did he——"

"He may have been doing some puzzling," interrupted Calhoun, quickly. "And he may have been doing some wondering as to the strange coincidence that brought his two men to the very door front. But one thing is certain. He took out his key, crossed the street, went into the building, went from it, and then marched upstairs. And then what happened, Jarrick? It's up to you."

"I'm afraid your mathematical calculations are all wrong," replied Jarrick. "X never saw the Devonshire before in the light, and Hunter never saw X, by fact, he could never have secured access to the inside of it last night, if some one had not let him in. I think that some one was a drug clerk, Henry Jensen by name."

This capital story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in the Ledger. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It is only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

An Optimist Defined.

"What's an optimist?"

"A man who tells other people not to worry when things are coming his way."

* * *

Where It Was Signed.

Where was Magna Charta signed?
At the bottom!

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2. Participants are invited to supply at least one and not more than three titles for each picture, after examination contained in a standard list of approximately 1,200 titles of Humorous Sayings. Out of this standard list we shall each week make a random selection of about fifty titles to accompany that week's picture in "THE FARMING BUSINESS," "CHICAGO LEDGER," and "THE SATURDAY BLADE." Suitable titles for the pictures may be found among the identical week's titles or on other weeks; but the entire list of eligible (answers) titles to the pictures will positively have appeared by the end of the picture series.

3. The list of rewards announced will be awarded in order to the highest ranking participants. In the event of a tie each tying participant will receive the full reward tied for.

4. Our Picture Game is open to everybody in the United States and Canada (excepting employes of our publications and members of the committee of Judges and members of their families). If a participant does not wish to buy "THE FARMING BUSINESS," the set of pictures (as they appear in "THE FARMING BUSINESS") and the List of Titles may be consulted free of charge, at the office of the Boyce publications, or at the office of any other publication announcing the Picture Game; or a contestant may request any Public Library to obtain the set of pictures as they appear and List of Titles from us. It will be supplied gratis on request to one Public Library in any city or town. If any issue of "THE FARMING BUSINESS" in which a picture has been missed, or if it is desired to submit more than one answer for the same picture, additional pictures and titles accompanying it may be had in the price of 10 cents per couple, or other wise obtained from the publications as may be announced.

5. At the proper time a complete List of Titles, together with a convenient form for submitting answers, will be announced, wherein each answer to every picture must be submitted upon a separate answer form, a sheet of paper about 8½ inches in size, on the upper part of which the contestant has made in pencil (but not traceable) the number of the particular picture, and on the lower part of which, he (or she) has written one title for the picture and none other. If two or more answers are submitted for one picture, the answer which the contestant considers the best is to be placed on top and the others in order below, the figure one in parentheses (1) to be marked on the left of the contestant's best title, the figure (2) in the same manner for the next best, and so on.

6. The word "best" will be interpreted to mean "that which excels or surpasses in the matter of being a fitting title for a particular picture." The title should fit, or be applicable to the picture as completely and specifically as possible. The title will be a brief description of the picture in words, constituting an accurate heading or caption for the picture. The most fitting title according to the foregoing explanation will be recorded as the best.

7. Rank or merit will be assigned to participants primarily according to which set of answers contains the greatest number of best titles for the 24 pictures.

8. If there should be an equality between two, or among more than two, participants on this basis requirement, then the decision will be given according to the following subsidiary requirements; each being exercised only in case there is an equality on the preceding point: (a) The least number of incorrect (the titles which are not the best) titles submitted; (b) the least number of words in the short set of answers; (c) the least number of letters in the complete set of answers; (d) the highest relative position of the contestant's correct answers in the contestant's complete set of answers, as, when three answers are given by a contestant for one picture, the correct answer is on top rather than in the position of second or third choice among the answers for that picture; (e) the least number of syllables in the total words submitted in the complete set of answers.

9. A committee of Judges to be appointed, consisting of disinterested persons of recognized honor and capability, will judge the merits of titles submitted by the contestants for the pictures and select the best, according to the rules. Their decisions will be final.

10. If two or more of the titles submitted for any picture should be found by the Judges to be equally more fitting than any other titles that have been supplied for that picture, then each of such two or more equally superior titles will be recorded as approved--in the same class with "best" defined in rule 6.

11. One participant may send in as many as five different sets of answers; but each set will be judged by itself and only one set submitted by any person (that person's best set) may receive a reward.

12. The judgment of the participant will control the award in every case. Therefore it is required that every participant keep a duplicate list of each set or sets of answers submitted by him (or her) in this Picture Game.

13. Every set of answers is to be submitted (fist and not folded) in the name of the person who worked them out. Answers are to be written in ink, or by pencil, or by typewriter. Contestants are allowed to receive casual, gratuitous aid from relatives and other friends. Titles are to be copied only from the Official List. Full postage as later announced in "THE FARMING BUSINESS" must accompany each of answers before sending them in or they will not be received. Any infraction of the rules may subject the set of answers to detainment and the Committee may also reject any entry upon evidence convincing to itself of unfairness.

14. Publication of pictures begins **May 27, 1916**; the last picture (24 in all) will appear in the issue of "THE SATURDAY BLADE," "CHICAGO LEDGER," and "THE FARMING BUSINESS" under date of **November 4, 1916**. No sets of answers are to be submitted until after appearance of Picture No. 24. The answers to pictures must be bound in one set and all sets of answers must be received not later than midnight of **November 20, 1916**. No incomplete or partial list of answers will be considered. All sets of answers are to be delivered in postage prepaid, W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500-514 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

15. The Committee of Judges is to make a full report as soon as practicable after the close of Picture Game and this report will be published in the "CHICAGO LEDGER," "THE SATURDAY BLADE," and "THE FARMING BUSINESS."

SPECIAL OFFER TO ALL

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT NOW—IT MAY BE WITHDRAWN AT ANY TIME.

We want your name and address as early as possible. Therefore, fill out the Information Blank opposite, and mail same in today with a 2c stamp.

We cannot spare the space necessary to explain from time to time the many novel and important features of our Picture Game, together with the Free Picture Offer.

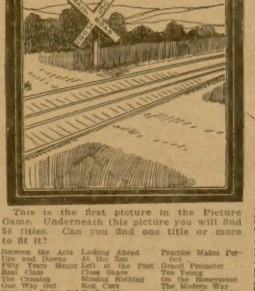
Send in your name and address, and we will in a short time—and until further notice—send without obligation and expense, postage prepaid, the Free Pictures with complete and full information, telling you just how to enter and play the easy Picture Game.

FILL OUT AND SEND IN THE INFORMATION BLANK TODAY

What the Game Is

We have had drawn 24 Easy Simple Pictures. Each picture has been drawn to depict the title, heading or name (as you choose to call it) for a Joke or Humorous Saying. Underneath each picture (one will be published each week, thus this week we publish two) will be given you a list of 50 Joke titles. Cut out the picture and list of titles as they appear each week, and hunt among these weekly lists of titles until you find titles that fit the pictures. That's all there is to it. In addition to this we will publish each week hereafter, some of the Jokes as well as their titles, so you will find amusement as well as profit in this Picture Game. And we are going to give $4,000.00 in Cash to those readers who submit the best list of titles for the 24 pictures. Read over the list of handsome prizes below. You can win one of them. Send in the Free Information Blank below and you'll receive a lot of helpful information in playing this game.

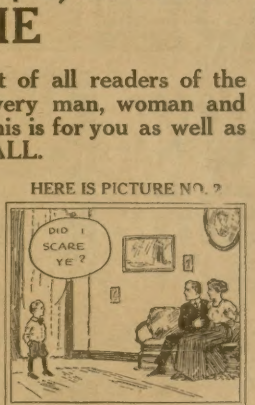
THIS IS PICTURE NO. 1



This is the first picture in the Picture Game. Underneath this picture you will find 50 titles. Can you find one title or more to fit it?

Between the Acts	Looking Ahead	Practice Makes Perfect
Ups and Downs	At the Zoo	Too Fresh
First Tenor	Hence Left in the Pool	Good Promoter
Real Class	Vines Stuck	Too Young
Time Wasting	Nothing Doing	On the Honeymoon
The Way Out	Real Cars	The Modern Way
Western Suspended	Conditions Soon	Hard Proposition
Opening Material	Latest Fads	Real Good
Final Division	All In	Hard Luck
Laying the Blame	Her First Beau	His Objecting
At the Summer Resort	At Last	The Next Thing
Revenge	No Complaint	In Other Fields
Why Undertaking	Without Pain	Overdoing It
Her Choice	How He Lost	A Bar of Hope
Wholesale Slaughter	Doing His Best	Social Callers
Real Spenders	To Let	Fine Air
	The Screen-ders	Up Against It
	Generous Offer	

HERE IS PICTURE NO. 2



Cut it out, also the list of titles underneath the picture. Pick out the best title to the picture. Do the same with Picture No. 2 next week. Send us your name and address and we will send you all the pictures.

A Comparison	The Young	Generous Offer
Delicate Ground	All In	Missing Nothing
Business Suspended	Precision Kill	Without Pain
Breaking Up	Old Stuff	Unexpected
The Engineer	Wholesale Slaughter	Anything to Please
The Boss	A Near One	One Way Out
Interrupted	Hard Surrender	Usual Reprisal
Hard to Believe	Hesitancy	Warm Contest
New York Style	Years Ever Thunk	Real Hope
The Police Spirit	Time of Words	Produced Results
Family Skeleton	Best of Friend	Up Against It
Summer Voyage	His Household Resolutions	Parasite
Latest Fads	The Modern Child	An Intelligent Anti-dote
Short Game	At Last	
Poor Bachelor	Her Method	Deduction
	Still Undertaking	

How to Start to Play the Picture Game Today

1—Send us your name and address—see coupon below—and we will send you free, Picture No. 2, with list of titles beneath same, and full and further information about the Picture Game.

2—Cut out Picture No. 2, and the list of titles beneath same, which you will find on this page.

3—Cut out Picture No. 2 and the list of titles beneath same, in next week's issue.

4—Cut out each week the pictures and titles until you have all the 24 pictures.

5—Save the pictures and titles, and pick out the best titles to them.

6—When all 24 Pictures have appeared with the lists of titles, you will have the complete Picture Game outfit, and at that time you will be notified when to send in your set of answers.

7—Certainly you can pick out titles to pictures as well as any one so don't fail to start in this Picture Game today.

These are the Prizes for Solving 24 Easy Pictures

First Prize	$1,000	CASH
Second Prize	$ 750	CASH
Third Prize	$ 500	CASH
Fourth Prize	$ 250	CASH
Fifth Prize	$ 125	CASH
Sixth Prize	$ 75	CASH
Seventh Prize	$ 50	CASH
2 prizes of	$35.00	Each, CASH
20 prizes of	$10.00	Each, CASH
34 prizes of	$ 5.00	Each, CASH
158 prizes of	$ 2.50	Each, CASH
290 prizes of	$ 1.50	Each, CASH

Full prizes will be paid tying contestants.

FREE INFORMATION BLANK

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

Picture Game Editor,
The Boyce Publications, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

Inclosed find 2-cent stamp. Please at your earliest convenience send me, postage prepaid, to the address above, the FREE pictures and general information about your $4,000.00 Cash Picture Game, also the Rules, so that I and all the members of my family can participate in the Picture Game.

For Ledger Readers Only

This Beautiful 42 pc. Set Special China, Worth $10 FREE

Never Before and perhaps Never Again

This wonderful offer may not be repeated

Write today—Tomorrow may be too late!

42 pieces lovely china with Wild Rose Initialed or Emblem designs in gold and colors

The above picture gives not the faintest suggestion of the wonderful beauty and elegance of these dishes. You must see them to realize the startling nature of this absolutely extraordinary offer.

Read Carefully

The above set comprises six large dinner plates, six tea or dessert plates, six large cups and six saucers to match, six butter plates, six oatmeal or sauce dishes, one sugar bowl, one large oval vegetable dish, one round vegetable dish, one large meat or game platter, one fancy pinque, one fancy cake or bread dish.

All with initial or emblem (except cups and saucers), also the artistic Wild Rose design in natural colors (pink and green) and gold traced around edges.

Dishes can be furnished without initial or emblem, if preferred.

42 PIECES YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

No Money in Advance

Our Startling Offer. Beautiful Dishes Free!

We trust the people because they trust us. Our plan is so fair, our goods give such satisfaction that we run no risk nor do you. Every woman loves fine dishes and likes lots of them. No matter how many you now have, you have nothing like this set. You can be the first among your friends to own and use the newest thing in fine table china—beautifully decorated and with any initial desired besides—absolutely unique in china making. We have arranged for a limited number of these sets made especially **for you,** and can only say "first come, first served." These dishes cannot be bought in stores anywhere. They can only be had from us and in the way set forth below. One or two hours time will get you this set of elegant dishes, and win the envious admiration of all your friends. "How did she do it?" they will say, and this is the secret:

We take this costly but effective way to advertise "Kibler's All-Round Oil," the most wonderful quick selling, cleaning, polishing and lubricating oil ever made. It works like magic. You and your friends need a good cleaning and polishing oil. "Kibler's All-Round" is the best. Once used, always used. Put up in large sized bottles, selling for only 25 cents per bottle. And as a gift with each bottle, to each purchaser, we provide a large elegant picture, a reproduction in the original colors of a world's masterpiece of art, pictures in every way worthy of framing and hanging on your wall and which would cost in the art store up to 50 cents each. Just think of it!—a large bottle of this wonderful new oil and a large art picture, either worth alone 25 cents but both together only 25 cents.

Cut This Out Our Special Free Offer

Send No Money

Just Sign and Mail this Coupon Today!

W. D. KIBLER CO., Box 519, Indianapolis:

I have read the above offer. Ship me the assortment of Oil and pictures, with free goods to cover charges. I will sell the Oil at 25 cents per bottle and remit you $6.00, on receipt of which you will at once ship me the full set of dishes shown and described above.

(Signed) Name.....

P. O. Address. Town.....

R. F. D. Route.....State.....

Nearest Express Office.....

Fraternal Emblem Decorations

If you are affiliated with any of the Fraternal orders named below and prefer the emblem of your order to an initial we will gladly furnish it. Be sure to specify, otherwise initial will be used.

Woodmen of the World	
Woodmen's Circle	
Modern Woodmen	
Royal Neighbors	
Eagles	Moose
Yeomen	Maccabees
Lady Maccabees	
Knights and Ladies of Security	

We Trust You

We will send you without any money in advance, or delay for references, 24 bottles of the Oil and 24 of the art prints. Sell the Oil for 25 cents per bottle and give each purchaser one of the art prints. Send the $6.00 you collect to us and we will immediately ship you the entire set of 42 dishes. To offset the charges on the Oil and pictures, we send free goods to more than cover them, and guarantee the dishes against breakage in transit. If any are broken we will replace them free.

No Reference Required

We are making this offer to Ledger readers only, and know whom we are dealing with. But you should act quick. We don't want anyone disappointed, and will guarantee most of the dishes to everyone who orders our assortment, but we cannot extend the time for acceptance indefinitely. You must help us to the extent of acting quickly. Remember no money in advance, no reference. Free Coupon at left, and we will do our part at once. You have everything to gain, nothing to lose, by accepting this unprecedented offer. We guarantee your sales. Any you don't sell we'll take back. Could we do more? Write today and be sure of your dishes.

They Write This Way:

Leesburgh, Ky. Received the dishes last week and am certainly more than pleased.—Mrs. A. Hermann.

Lebanon, Ind. Thanks for the beautiful dishes. Everyone thinks them lovely.—Mary Welch.

Gurley, Ala. I have just finished selling the oil and picked back. M. O. herewith.—Mrs. Mattie Mills.

Warrensburg, Va. Received the dishes yesterday. I am more than proud of them.—Mrs. Thomas Davis.

Decatur, Texas. Your oil is simply great. No trouble selling it.—Mrs. A. M. Miller.

New Paris, O. All like the set of 42 families I sold it. I want the 50-piece set.—Miss Ola Reeves.

And Many Thousands More

Just fill out and send in the Free Coupon at left, and we will do our part at once. You have everything to gain, nothing to lose, by accepting this unprecedented offer. We guarantee your sales. Any you don't sell we'll take back. Could we do more? Write today and be sure of your dishes.

W. D. Kibler Co., Box 519, Indianapolis, Ind.